

THE PASTOR'S SON

BY
WILLIAM W. WALTER

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND
THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

To Olive

Mother
and Grandpa

Dec 25/1920

THE PASTOR'S SON

REVISED EDITION

BY
WILLIAM W. WALTER



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WILLIAM W. WALTER
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AURORA, ILLINOIS

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Latest Revision

DEDICATED TO
F. S. B.
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
OF WORK WELL DONE

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER

SEQUEL TO "THE PASTOR'S SON"

By WM. W. WALTER

WHAT THE ILLUSTRATED REVIEW SAYS
ABOUT IT:

Having spent seven years in testing the various systems of medication and hygiene, and finding therein no relief, the author of "The Doctor's Daughter" tried Christian Science and was healed. In order to give expression to some of the ideas that had come to him he wrote "The Pastor's Son," in which there is much written that is interesting and in a most delightful form. "The Doctor's Daughter" is a sequel. In the first book the fallacies of the old theology were set forth, while in the sequel the stupidities of the drugging system of healing are successfully attacked.

Gretchen, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Dr. Thompson finds in her father's library, "with the back of the book turned to the inside of the bookcase," a copy of "Science and Health." The young girl becomes interested in Mrs. Eddy's book and reads it to her invalid mother. Arguments with the physician father follow. An aid in the study of the girl is Walter Williams, the pastor's son, and the "Pastor" himself, not only having accepted the teachings of Christian Science, but having become a practitioner, does much to convince the doctor.

After several months Dr. Thompson admits "I think I now know a very little of Christian Science, and the strange part of it is that two months ago I knew all about it." He discovers in Christian Science an explanation of many things that had happened in his years of practice.

To those who have heard a little about the phenomenal growth of Christian Science, and are anxious to know more about it, Mr. Walter's books will furnish several pleasant and profitable hours.

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PREFACE

My sole reason for writing this book and placing it before the public is to call attention to *another book*, wherein is contained the Christ truth, the understanding of which is sufficient to make its readers free from all their troubles.

If in sin, it shows the way out; if sick, it will heal; if grief-stricken, it will mend the broken heart; if in poverty, it will point the way to plenty. I speak from experience, having been sick for more than seven years, at the edge of the grave, reduced to poverty, with all earthly hope gone. I was rescued from this inferno on earth, my health was restored, my supply made sufficient, my joy rendered complete. Surely I can say, my cup of happiness runneth over. Truly the book has the Spirit and power of Him who said: "Come, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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THE PASTOR'S SON

CHAPTER I

THANKSGIVING MORNING

"What a beautiful Thanksgiving morning this is," said the Rev. James A. Williams to his son, Walter, as he looked out of the dining-room window. "There is n't a cloud in the sky, and this soft, balmy breeze from the south makes one almost believe that it is a June morning instead of the 30th of November. I know there will be a large attendance at church this morning, of which I will be glad, as I have prepared what seems to me an excellent sermon, and I feel certain that the congregation will be profited by it."

He glanced at his son as he finished speaking, and some of the joy and cheerfulness that had shone in his eyes faded away, for he saw no reflection of his happiness on his child's face. All

that was written there was sorrow, pain, and feebleness.

His son, who was nearly seventeen, had been weak and sickly since birth. The best physicians had been employed, change of climate had been tried with everything else that promised relief, but to no avail. Specialists had been consulted, but they held out little hope that hereditary consumption could be cured, the boy's mother having been similarly afflicted for many years.

The Rev. Mr. Williams thought silently for a few moments, then tried to regain his cheerfulness by changing the subject to something that might interest his son; so he said: "Well, wife, I suppose that turkey Deacon Phillips gave us will be done to perfection by dinner-time; I am beginning to feel hungry already, when I think of it, and it is two hours to dinner-time yet."

Lillian, his wife, looked up from her work with a careworn expression on her face, and said, "Yes, it is a fine, large turkey." His wife always looked worn out and tired, for she was compelled to do all the housework, and, not being strong, it fatigued her very much.

It had not always been this way, for Mr. Williams was a man of ability, his congregation large, and his salary ample under ordinary circumstances; but the constant drain of physicians' bills, and the great expense of sending mother and son to a warm climate each fall, the rigors of the northern winters being considered too hard for the two invalids to bear, had reduced him almost to poverty; consequently the expense of a maidservant had long since been dispensed with.

Mr. Williams now turned to go to his study, and as he was turning, said: "Lillian, Deacon Phillips has again shown his friendly interest in our welfare, as I learned last evening that it was he that sent us the turkey, and I am truly thankful to him."

There was silence for a few moments after the father left the room; then Mrs. Williams said: "Walter, dear, we had better get ready for church. I have the turkey so that I can leave it with safety, and I think we will need to hurry a little if we wish to arrive on time, as I should not like to arrive late at our Thanksgiving services."

Walter turned to his mother, saying, "What have we to be thankful for, mother?"

His mother looked up, somewhat startled, and answered, "Why, for everything that God has given us."

"Everything, mother?" asked Walter.

"Yes, dear, everything."

"Oh, mother, I don't see how I am going to do that. Father told me that our sickness was sent by God for our education in righteousness; how can I feel thankful to Him for making me suffer?"

The mother anxiously looked at her son, and said: "Remember, Walter, Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, also suffered."

"Yes, I know, but it was not God who made him suffer; it was the Pharisees. Father said that God gave me this sickness and that I must bear it with love and patience, which I have tried to do; but I have never been able to understand why a good and loving God should care to see me suffer."

"I am sure I cannot tell," said his mother, "but it must be for some good purpose; we will ask

your father to explain it all some time. Now hurry and get ready."

A few minutes later they both walked to the church, which was only a short distance away, and entered its open doors.

CHAPTER II

THE TURKEY DINNER

"Well, wife, what did you think of my sermon?" asked the pastor, as he sat down to enjoy the inviting meal.

"I think it was the best sermon you ever delivered, James," answered his wife, quietly.

"I think so, too," said James, "and what's more, it ought to make every person that heard it feel very thankful to God for all that He has given them." Then looking around the room, he asked, "Where is Walter?"

"I don't know," said his wife. "He became so nervous and tired, that he left just before the last hymn was sung. I suppose he went up to his room. You had better call him to dinner."

"I will," answered the pastor, and going to the hall door he called aloud: "Walter, dinner's ready."

"All right, father, I'll be down in a minute," came back the answer in a rather faint voice.

The pastor turned to his wife and asked: "Do you think that last medicine is doing him any more good than the other kinds we have tried?"

His wife raised her sad face to his, and replied: "No, James, I don't think it is helping him, for he seems to get weaker and more nervous all the time. I feel that he is losing ground even more rapidly than I am."

Here Walter entered the room, his face more flushed than usual, and his father's watchful eye took note of it, but he spoke cheerfully: "Just look at that turkey, Walter; isn't it a fine one? See how nice and evenly it is browned; and the oyster dressing! I'll wager it is fit for a king."

Walter merely glanced at the turkey, then seated himself beside his mother.

After the pastor had said grace, he picked up the carving-knife and said: "Now, son, just tell me what piece you like best and I will have it carved out for you before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"You are very kind, father, but I don't believe I care for any turkey. I am not feeling very well," answered Walter.

"Just try a little, Walter," said the mother, coaxingly. "I know it must be very tender and nice, for Deacon Phillips said it was a young turkey."

"Yes, Walter," said his father, "hand me your plate, and I will give you a little of the dark and a little of the light meat, with some of this delicious dressing."

The boy listlessly handed over his plate without any more ado. His father placed upon it a liberal piece of each kind of meat and some dressing, then handed it back with the remark, "Eat all you can, son, for it will make you strong." Then he added, "Now, wife, it's your turn. I know you like the dark meat the best"; and while he was talking, he carved a nice piece of the turkey and laid it on her plate, and then said: "Now, father, it is your turn, and I know your failing to be the leg," and suiting the action to the word, he served himself.

Then, addressing his son once more, he asked, "How did you like the sermon, Walter?"

"I thought it was very fine, father; and as I looked over the congregation, I could see many

heads nodding approval of your words, telling them that they ought to be thankful. And I tried, oh, so hard, to be thankful, but I could n't, for something seemed to say, 'You have nothing to be thankful for; God gave you this sickness as a punishment.' I tried to think what I had done to merit this punishment, but found it could not have been anything I had done, as I remembered that you had said I always had been sick even when a little child, and then—"

"Tut, tut, child, don't get excited," said the pastor. "We all know that your punishment may not be for anything you have done, but you are probably suffering for the sins of others, the same as Jesus did. Why, Walter, just think, Jesus Christ died for all our sins!"

"For my sins, father?" asked the boy.

"Yes, Walter, for the sins of us all!"

"But, father, I don't see how that could be. We were n't any of us living at that time, and if we sinned, it must have been since then, and Jesus could not die for sins that had not been committed."

The father was so surprised at what he heard,

that for a moment he simply stared at his son. The idea was entirely new to him, yet it seemed very sensible. He tried to find some reply that would be reasonable, but before he found it, Walter continued:

"I cannot believe that God would punish or allow one person to be punished for the sins of another. If He did that, He would not be a just God. Why, father, even man is more just than that. Suppose that I had committed a crime, and for the offense the judge had sentenced me to a number of years in jail, and you, knowing my weakened condition, and feeling sure that I would not survive the ordeal, had told the judge of your willingness to serve my sentence. Do you think any court of our land would have allowed it? In any event, would it have been just? If I, the guilty one, was not to suffer, why not remit the sentence entirely, rather than allow the innocent one to suffer for the guilty, no matter how willing the innocent one might be.

"Father, it has been very hard for me to believe or accept the generally accepted teaching, which maintains that in order to save man, who cannot

save himself, Jesus Christ, of his own free will, accepted the penalty of violated law that its requirements might be honored, and that through this exhibition of love the sinner might be won; for I cannot conceive that a just God would allow this to be done any more than the courts would allow you to serve my sentence. In fact, this newer view of the theological world seems little better than the older view, which was that God sometimes punishes the innocent for the acts of the guilty. Such a type of justice would be on a par with the following: Suppose Judge Baxter had pronounced sentence like this: 'I find Mose Webster guilty of stealing Mr. Johnson's chickens, and have decided to send the Rev. James A. Williams to the county jail for ten months for the offense. Would you think that just? And could you feel thankful to the judge for sending you to jail to suffer in the place of Mose Webster, and —'

"Silence, child," said the father, more sternly than he had ever spoken to his son before. He was so confused by what the boy had said that he could not find words to speak. After a time

he said: "Walter, never let me hear you say anything like that again. To think that you, a minister's son, should say such things! Why, they are almost blasphemous!"

"Never mind, James," said the mother. "Think how hard it must be to suffer year in and year out without any relief; and remember, dear, that even some of the apostles doubted at times. Now, let us finish our dinner." Then, turning to her son, she added, "Father will explain all this to you when he finds time."

As the father looked at the flushed face of the boy, his anger softened, and in a kind voice he said: "I think it would be a nice idea for us to set aside one or two evenings each week for Bible reading and study. In this way we should all get a better understanding of God and His great love for mankind. What do you think of that plan, Walter?"

"I should enjoy it, as there is a great deal in the Bible that I should like to have explained."

"All right, Walter. What would you say to starting our class to-morrow evening?"

"That would please me," said Walter.

"How about you, mother?" asked the pastor.

"Oh, I certainly want to be a member of the class. I know it will be very entertaining and instructive, besides it will be such a pleasant way to spend the long winter evenings."

"Why, mother, I thought we were going south this winter."

"No, child, it will be impossible for us to go this year. You know that this last medicine which you and I are taking is a new patent preparation and very expensive, costing father five dollars per bottle, and we each need a bottle a week; so it has been impossible for father to save the money necessary for our going."

For a moment the boy's face looked sad and grave, and the pastor swallowed a lump that had risen in his throat; for it hurt the good man severely to think that he had not the necessary funds to gratify their every wish, already having borrowed more than he could pay back in several years. Still he was willing to make more sacrifices had his wife agreed, but she had said, on

one occasion when they were discussing this subject: "No, James, I will not leave you again. I think the separation does us as much harm as the warm climate does good, and I feel that we have not many more years to be together; so I cannot bear the thought of being separated from you for another five months. I think Walter and I will be better off at home with you. We need not go out in the cold very much, and you and I can arrange some way to entertain and amuse Walter."

To this the pastor had answered: "Well, Lillian, it may be the better way, for I must confess that these long separations were very hard for me; yet I am more than willing to endure them, if thereby you and Walter might be benefited. Still it seems that the change of climate did not prove as beneficial as we had hoped. However, please don't speak in that hopeless strain again. 'While there's life there's hope;' so never give up, and remember that there are many noted physicians and chemists working day and night to get a sure cure for tuberculosis, and who knows but that the morrow may bring it forth?

You know that I am constantly on the lookout for anything that looks promising."

And so the thought of a southern trip was dismissed.

CHAPTER III

WHAT WALTER FOUND

Dinner over, they all arose from their seats at the table, and the father asked: "Walter, what part of the Bible shall we study first?"

"I hardly know, father," said Walter.

"Well, you can take the old family Bible, look it over, and then decide. As for myself, I have very little choice; I have read and studied it so often that I feel very familiar with all it contains."

"All right, father; may I go up to my room now?"

"Yes, certainly, if you choose; but I should think you would rather be outside to-day, it is so warm, and there won't be many more such days this year."

"I believe I would rather go to my room," said the boy, starting in that direction.

"Just as you please, son," said the father, as he stepped through the hall to enter the library.

Walter went quickly upstairs to his room, and his mother wondered greatly at his hurry

Once in his room, he closed the door and quietly locked it. Then going to his trunk, he excitedly pulled forth a little book with a black leather cover, which looked very much like a small Bible. He opened it and began reading. "Yes," he thought, "I am sure it is the same book that lovely lady down South told me about, and I recall that she said to mother: 'I don't see how you can say that you believe that God is all good, and at the same time think that He made your lovely boy sick.' I did not hear mother's reply, but I know she was angry. I wonder who lost this book? I saw no one in sight when I picked it up this morning. There is no name in it, so I can't return it to the owner. I wonder if I ought to read it? I don't need to believe it if I do read it. Anyway, that lady didn't look like a bad person, and she said that she read it every day, and that it had healed her of a severe sickness."

He turned a few pages, and came upon a chapter headed Prayer. "I wonder whether that chapter is in favor of prayer or against it. I suppose it

must be against it by the way mother acted towards the lady. That's no matter, however, and I am going to read it. She said that its study had cured her, and I am going to see if it will cure me. I suppose the place to start is at Chapter I."

Walter began to read:

"Verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore, I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.' Christ Jesus."

Then he stopped and thought: "Why, that is just the same as I read in our Bible; there certainly can be no bad in that. But maybe that is only printed so as to ridicule it farther on in the book. Anyway, I wonder what Jesus Christ meant when he said, '*Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe*

that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Oh, how often and how earnestly have I prayed for health, with pleading and tears, but my prayers never seem to have been answered. I wonder why. I know that what Jesus Christ said must be true; for he was the Son of God and would not deceive us. I wonder *why* God doesn't answer my prayers?"

He stopped for a moment, then his face lighted up as a new idea dawned upon his thought. "It must be that — I see it all now; I see my mistake. I prayed to God for health, and in the next instant doubted Him, doubted that He would heal me. In fact, I never really believed that He would heal me. Jesus said, '*Believe that ye receive.*' Oh, can this really be true? I can hardly believe it possible. Here I am again, this time doubting the word of Christ." Then he thought: "I must tell father; for his prayers are not answered, and it must be for the same reason. No, I don't mean that. Father is a minister, and he could not doubt God. But why are n't his prayers answered? I don't know what to do. If I tell father or mother, they may take the book away, and then

my last hope would be gone. I think I will read it first." Sitting down in an easy rocker, he was soon absorbed in its pages, nor did he notice how the time flew until he heard his mother's anxious voice and her knock at the door.

He replied at once, and hastily put the book back in the trunk. Then he went to the door and opened it.

His mother said to him: "Why, Walter, what is the matter? Since when have you taken to locking your door in the daytime? You look so flushed and excited, and we have n't heard a sound from you all the afternoon. We were beginning to get alarmed about you; so I came up to see what was the matter, and to tell you that supper is ready. What have you been doing? Don't you feel as well as usual? Tell me, Walter, are you worse?"

"No, mother, I am not worse. I only became so absorbed in reading that I forgot all about time, and also that I had locked the door."

His mother did not think to ask him what he was reading. Always having been very careful

to see that no reading matter that was at all questionable was brought into the house, she had no idea that he had a book that she had not looked over and deemed proper.

"We had better hurry down, Walter, as father is waiting for his supper."

They both started down the stairs, his mother still talking to him; but he heard scarcely a word she said, for his thoughts were still centered on what he had read. And now that his excitement had abated, there seemed to be an unusually hopeful look in his eyes.

As soon as they entered the room his father noticed that his eyes were brighter, and he regarded it as a bad sign.

All through the evening meal they had to address him several times before he would answer, and his father's heart grew heavy as he noticed the thoughtful mood of his son.

When they had finished their meal. Walter asked to be excused, and immediately went to his room.

As soon as he was gone the pastor said: "Lil-

lian, did you notice how Walter acted to-night? It seemed to me that he was very much more thoughtful than usual."

"Yes," answered the mother, "he seemed confused, and his eyes were so bright, but he ate a very hearty supper."

"I also noticed that," said the pastor, then added: "It seems there is a change, but I hardly know whether to say the change is for better or worse. I hope it is for the better; it may be that the medicine has just taken effect."

"God grant that this may be so," reverently said the mother.

They were both silent for some time. Then the pastor said: "I never heard Walter speak as he did this noon. I wonder how he thought of such an absurd thing as that of my being sent to jail because some one else had stolen chickens."

"I know, James, that does seem absurd, yet it seems to me to be just as sensible to punish the wrong person for stealing as it would be to punish the innocent with sickness because some one else had sinned. I have been thinking seriously about it all the afternoon, but have not

arrived at a satisfactory conclusion," said Mrs. Williams.

The pastor slowly turned toward his wife and said: "Lillian, I am astonished beyond measure to hear this from you; it was bad enough to hear it from my own son, but to hear it from you is worse. Don't you think that Almighty God knows what is best for us? Do you dare question anything He does? Do you think the all-wise Creator would have made him sick if it were not for the best?"

"James, do you really believe God made our boy sick?"

"It must be so," answered James, "for we read in the Bible that God is the source of all power."

"If this be true, James, it would be a sin to give him medicine, for we should be trying to undo the work of God."

Mr. Williams was certainly astonished beyond expression. Never in his whole life had he been so shocked as on this day, and each shock was greater than the preceding one.

He now stood perfectly still for a full minute, then said: "It seems high time that we begin the

study of the Bible in this house; for from what I have heard to-day, it is very apparent to me that my wife and son are quite ignorant of what the Bible teaches." Then turning, he strode from the room.

The pastor was a good and kind man. He had always been a good husband and father, always patient and sympathetic with his invalid wife and son; but this day had been a very trying one to him, first in hearing his son say things that he considered little less than blasphemous, then to notice that the mother seemed to indorse what the son had said; and to make matters worse, he had actually heard his wife questioning the doings of God as he understood them. This was the last straw. He was really angry, out of all patience, and somewhat confused; so he decided to go to his library and think it all over. As soon as he arrived there he impatiently seated himself in an easy-chair, and began to soliloquize after this fashion: "I wonder where Walter got that idea about sending me to jail? What can that have to do with his sickness? Then to think my wife agreed with him. Let me see,

what did she say? I was so outraged I can scarcely recall what was said. I believe, though, she said something about some of the apostles doubting at times. What has that to do with sending me to jail? I don't seem able to think clearly to-day. Then this other matter, about giving medicine being a sin. Why, everybody takes medicine; the most pious and devout Christians that ever lived have taken medicine, and this has been so for thousands of years. The Bible says that the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations. Then why may not the roots and the bark be used as well? Of course, Jesus Christ did not heal with medicine. He was the Son of God and was endowed from on high with supernatural power. He did n't need the medicine. Well, all I can say is that I am glad we are going to have those Bible lessons; for I know that as soon as we get to studying them, they will understand things, and then I will hear no more of this nonsense. I don't think I will mention the matter again until we get to studying the lessons; then as we get to this medicine question, I will point it out to them."

So the pastor, after having reached a better frame of mind, dismissed the subject from his thoughts, arose, walked over to the bookcase, selected the book he wanted, and was soon absorbed in reading.

In the meantime Walter had hurried to his room and was soon busily engaged in reading his new-found treasure.

About nine o'clock he heard his father and mother coming upstairs to retire for the night. He hastily turned out his light and scrambled into bed, clothes and all.

A few moments later when his mother looked in she found him in bed nicely covered up, and supposing him asleep, quietly left the room.

As soon as Walter was sure they had retired, he arose, relit the gas, and continued reading. It was after midnight when he laid the book down and said: "I feel sure this book is true, and that God made only the good, and never made me or any one else sick. I believe I will get well when I understand how to pray aright." Then he undressed and got into bed, a happier and more hopeful boy than he had ever been.

After saying his usual prayers, he added: "And now, God, I wish to thank you for all the good things you have given me. I could not thank you this morning, for then I thought you had made me sick. But now I know that you are all good and could not make evil; truly I now have something to be grateful for and shall always remember this Thanksgiving day."

CHAPTER IV

PREPARING FOR THE LESSONS

The next morning, when Walter awoke, it was broad daylight, and the hands on the clock pointed to the hour of ten, when his mother came into his room with an anxious look on her face and said: "I have just come up to wake you, as your father was worried because of your sleeping so long. How do you feel this morning?"

"Oh, mother, I feel better this morning, and I had the best night's rest I have had for years. I never woke up once all night, and I feel strong and hungry."

"Thank God, you are better. I will go down and get your breakfast ready."

"All right, mother, I will be down as soon as I wash and dress." Before going down, he went over to his trunk, took out his little book, and said, "I believe that you teach the truth which will free me from this disease." He then placed it in his trunk again, being careful to cover it from

the view of any one who should chance to look into its hiding-place.

Descending to the dining-room, he ate a hearty breakfast. As he was leaving the table his mother said: "I am sorry you did not take advantage of the beautiful sunshine yesterday, for the wind has changed and is now blowing severely from the north, and it is very cold and dreary out."

"I don't mind it at all to-day, mother, for I feel so much better that I had n't noticed the weather."

His mother was somewhat astonished to hear him speak so cheerfully, as it had been customary for Walter to complain of feeling worse on dreary days. Then she thought: "It must be that new medicine, for he certainly is better, and I pray God he will continue to improve."

As for Walter, he was glad it was a dreary day, as this would give him an excuse for staying in his room and thus he could continue his reading. He wished he was already there, but did not want to awaken the suspicion of his mother by too hurried a departure. So he walked about the room, trying to think of some excuse.

Finally a happy thought occurred to him and he said: "Mother, I believe I won't go out, but stay in my room and read, so as to be prepared for our lesson this evening."

"Very well, Walter; you will find the Bible on the library table."

Walter walked into the library and got it, then went up to his room and was soon absorbed in comparing Genesis 1 and 2 in the Bible with the explanations of these chapters in the book he had found.

The afternoon was a repetition of the morning. At the supper-table Mr. Williams said: "I am sorry we cannot start our Bible lessons for a few evenings, as I have received a notification to be present at some meetings to be held by the local clergymen."

"Any matter of importance, James?" asked his wife.

"Not particularly so. The Rev. Mr. Johnson said that they wished to find a way to successfully combat this new heretical idea called Christian Science, and they want to arrange for a series of sermons, on successive Sabbaths, de-

nouncing it, one by each minister in the place. Mr. Johnson has asked me if I was willing to deliver a sermon on it, and I told him I was."

"Why, father," said Walter, "I did not know that you had ever read about or looked into the subject!"

"No, son, I never did look it up or study it, and what is more, I never intend to. The Bible is good enough for me."

"But, father, how can you preach a sermon on it if you do not know what it is?"

"I did not say that I do not know what it is. I have heard enough to know that it *is not* Christian, and that they claim to heal in the same way that Jesus Christ did. This claim alone proves that it is false, for Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that is why he could heal the sick, and for any man to consider himself equal to Jesus Christ is blasphemous."

"Father, did not Jesus bid his disciples heal the sick?"

"Yes, certainly, he gave his disciples the power to heal the sick, but his disciples have been dead for a long time, and nobody else was

given the power to heal as Christ did," said the pastor.

"Was St. Paul one of Christ's disciples?"

"No, Walter, he was not one of Christ's disciples, but he was a very good and holy man."

"Did not St. Paul heal the sick?"

"Yes, there are several instances of St. Paul's healing power recorded in the Bible."

"Well, father, where did St. Paul get his power to heal the sick, if he was not one of the disciples that Jesus gave the power of healing to?"

"Why, you see it was like this — that is — I mean to say —" the pastor stopped rather confused, then finished with, "It is too long a story to tell to-night, as I must be getting ready for that meeting. I will explain this all when we start our lessons."

The pastor left the room and entered the library, thinking deeply. "I wonder where that boy gets those queer ideas. I am very much pleased that I suggested those Bible lessons, for if he is not enlightened, he will surely go astray."

Shortly after, the pastor was wending his way

to the meeting, still thinking of what Walter had said regarding St. Paul.

Walter made an excuse to retire to his room and was soon absorbed in the comparison of the two books, the same as he had been doing the day previous. He read far into the night, and every spare moment of the next few days, so that when Wednesday evening came he had finished the book that he had found. But Wednesday evening was prayer meeting, so there would be no Bible lessons until Thursday, but Walter did not mind it, as he thought this would give him one more day to prepare for the Bible lessons.

About six o'clock his mother called him for supper, and as he laid down his books, he thought, "It must be the truth; I feel that it *is* the truth. I will have father start with Genesis so that I may ask such questions as will be most apt to lead father to see the Bible in its true light. How I wish I had found this book long ago, then I should be better prepared to convince father. Still I know that God is good and will help me, and with Him to help me I cannot fail."

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST LESSON

The next evening, a little while after supper the pastor, his wife, and Walter entered the library to have their first Bible lesson.

"Well, Walter," said the father pleasantly, "have you decided where we shall commence our studies?"

"Yes, father, I should like to start at the beginning, with Genesis."

The pastor looked at his son and noticed that his face was flushed with excitement. Still he made no comment about it, but answered: "Very well, Walter, if agreeable to mother, we will start with Genesis."

"Yes, James, I am satisfied to start anywhere that pleases Walter."

"As we are all in accord, I will start with chapter I of Genesis, and continue reading until we come to something that you do not understand. Then you may stop me and I will explain. I

think this will be an excellent way, don't you, Walter?"

"Yes, father, I think that will be the best way." The pastor started to read Genesis, chapter 1, and there was no interruption until he arrived at Genesis 1:26.

Several times Walter was on the point of asking a question, but did not. Now he asked: "Father, what is meant by that verse? I do not understand it clearly."

"I'll read it again for you," said the pastor. *'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.'* Do you understand it now?"

"Not yet. God is Spirit, is He not?"

"Certainly, why do you ask?"

"That verse says that God made man in His image and likeness. Does that mean that man is spiritual?"

"Yes," answered the pastor.

"Then my body must be spiritual."

"Oh, no, our bodies are not spiritual; it is only the soul that is in the body that is here spoken of as the image and likeness of God."

"Then God did not make our bodies, did He, father?"

"Why, certainly He did. Have you never read that God made all that was made?"

"It doesn't say anything in that verse about God's making a material body, does it, Father?"

"No, but it says 'in His image and likeness,' that means just like Him," said the pastor.

"Then, if I am just like Him, He in turn must be just like me, and in that case God would have a material body, and would not be wholly Spirit."

"Why, son, what queer ideas you have. As I said before, this verse is only speaking of the soul; you will see farther on where God created the body. Now let us proceed."

"Father, what is meant by that part of this same verse, where it reads: '*And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air,*' etc.?"

"There has been considerable difference of opinion in regard to that passage. Personally, I

think it means that we shall have this dominion after we die and enter the spirit world, for we certainly have n't dominion over the fish and fowl here."

"James, do you think there will be fish and fowl in heaven?" meekly asked his wife.

"That is a very absurd question. Everybody knows there will be no fish and fowl in heaven," said her husband.

"Then how can we have dominion over them, if there are none there?" asked his wife.

"It seems to me that you are both very dense this evening. Let us continue and these things will clear up as we proceed," said the pastor, a little nettled at his inability to answer their questions clearly.

Walter had several more questions he wanted to ask on this subject, but he thought best not to ask too many at one time.

There was no more interruption until the pastor reached the 31st verse — "*And God saw every-thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.*"

Here Walter interrupted, "Then everything that God made was good."

"Yes, everything that God made was good," answered the pastor.

"If that be true, God could not have made me sick, for sickness is not good," said Walter.

"Walter, I believe you are right," said his mother.

The pastor looked from one to the other, then slowly laid the Bible down in his lap. He was surprised at the turn the conversation had taken, and he remembered that Walter had on a previous occasion said something similar. Just what would be the best answer to make he did not know. So he thought he would ask Walter a few questions, and in this way find out what the boy had on his mind. So he asked, "What makes you so positive that God did not make you sick, Walter?"

"Because God is good and just, and I am His child, and the Bible says that He made everything good and that He made everything that was made: so everything must be good. Besides, I cannot conceive of a just God making me suffer for a sin

some one else committed, any more than I could think of you, father, punishing me for something that our neighbor's boy had done."

Like a flash the pastor saw now what the boy had meant when he spoke of his being sent to jail because some one else had stolen some chickens. The boy was only trying to illustrate to him the injustice of punishing one person for the deeds of another. Then the thought came, "Shall man be more just than God?" There was something here he did not understand, and yet the Bible says that God made everything that was made. If this be true, He was the author of all the sorrows and woes, as well as the joys, of the human race.

Now that he had come to think on this subject, he did not like to admit even to himself that God was the creator of all the wickedness of the world. He decided that he must have more time to think about this before he could answer the boy; so he said: "We know that God is good and just, and some of the things that to us seem evil and unjust may still be for our good." He then picked up the Bible to proceed with his reading.

Walter noticed that his father was ill at ease, and decided not to ask any more questions at present. The pastor then read Genesis 2, 1st verse: "*Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.*" He now cast an anxious look toward Walter, expecting him to ask some question that would be as hard to answer as the previous ones, but Walter was sitting perfectly still, listening attentively.

The pastor then read the next verse, "*And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.*"

"Is that all of creation, father?" asked Walter.

"Yes, God created everything in six days and on the seventh He rested; that is why we observe the Sabbath day as a day of rest."

There was no interruption in the next three verses, although Walter heard several things that he wished to ask about. But when it came to the 6th verse, "*But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground,*" Walter asked, "What is meant by that *mist*, father?"

The pastor tried to find some reasonable an-

swer, but could not; so he replied: "I suppose it was something like the fogs we sometimes see rising from the ground." He had come to the conclusion that these Bible lessons were not going to be quite so easy and entertaining as he had anticipated, and had determined that on the morrow he would go over the lesson by himself, and in this way be prepared for any and all questions that might be asked.

Walter knew what this *mist* meant; he had read all about it in the book he had found, but he did not think it wise to say anything more on the subject just then. The pastor continued his reading, Genesis 2, 7th verse. "*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.*"

"Will you please explain that verse to me, father?"

"With pleasure; this is the verse I spoke of a little while ago, when I told you that the record in Genesis 1: 26 speaks only of the creation of the soul or spirit of man, while here is a record of the creation of the body. You see, son, we get a

better understanding as we proceed. It is like this: The soul or spirit is in the image and likeness of God, but the body is not, it being material, having been created from dust. Do you understand it better now?"

Walter did not answer at once, so his mother said, "That all seems very plain to me now, although I was somewhat confused before."

The pastor turned a smiling face to her and nodded his head approvingly. He was now quite at his ease again, and did not look for any further trouble. Then turning to Walter, he was not a little surprised to see him looking flushed and excited; so he said, "Well, Walter, what are you thinking about?"

The boy looked up and said: "I was trying to think when God could have started His second creation; for He had finished His first one on the sixth day and rested from His work on the seventh day, and here seems to be a record of something He created after He had finished."

Walter could not have said anything that would have surprised and shocked the pastor and his wife so much as did this, and coming

just at the moment when the pastor thought he was making everything clear and plain, it confused him greatly, and Walter's words kept ringing in his ears: "I was trying to think when God could have started His second creation; for He had finished His first one on the sixth day and rested from His work which He had made on the seventh day." What could this mean? Where did Walter get these queer thoughts? Were they in reality queer? The idea of a second creation was absurd, yet the Bible says (Genesis 2:1), "*Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.*" There it was, plain enough. It spoke both of heaven and earth: "*And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made.*" Did God make a mistake in the first creation, and so start in again to rectify His mistake? Impossible. God was, is, and always will be all-knowing; this precluded all chance of Deity making a mistake. Was the Bible wrong in this particular instance? If so, might it not all be wrong? This thought made the good man's

heart stand still. No, no, it could not be; it must be some slight error in the translation or something of that kind — yes, it must be; how was it that he had never seen it before? Then he became conscious that his wife was asking him a question.

“James,” he heard her say, “are there really two creations, one spiritual and the other material?”

What should he answer? He never was so at a loss for a reply in all his life. There was his son and his wife, both apparently depending on him for an explanation, and he absolutely incapable of making a rational one. And then he remembered that he had said it did n't make any difference to him what part of the Bible they started with, as he was very familiar with it all. At length he said: “I don't seem capable of clear thought to-night; I think we had better stop for this time, and we will begin at this same verse to-morrow night.”

Walter was sorry to see his father so confused and perplexed, and tried to think of some way to help him arrive at the truth. He was afraid to

say much, for fear of awakening his father's suspicion; for if his father had the least idea where he had secured his information, he would not have allowed him to ask any more questions, nor even, to voice any of his thoughts on the subject.

Walter decided to try to show his father a way out of the dilemma, so he said: "Father, don't you think your explanation about that *mist*, which is spoken of in Genesis 2:6, as being a fog, is wrong?"

"What else could it be, Walter?"

"Have you ever noticed, father, that this particular verse starts in with a '*but*'? It reads, 'But there went up a mist.' It does not say, 'God made a mist to rise from the earth.' "

"I don't see that the word '*but*' changes it any."

"I do not mean to say that it does. I only wish to point out the fact that here is something that God did not make: for nowhere in the preceding verses of Genesis is there any account that God had made a mist."

"I cannot understand what you mean, Walter. The Bible says that God made everything that

was made, and as I have seen a mist many times, God must have made it, since there is only one Creator," said the pastor.

"On the same line of reasoning, we should have to admit that God created all the evils of this world," said Walter, "for we seemingly see these evils every day. Then I would have to admit that God made me sick, and I can never believe that, for Genesis 1, 31st verse, reads, '*And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good.*' If we believe this, we cannot possibly believe that He made any evil thing."

"Well, Walter, we will not discuss that subject farther at the present time, for I know that as we progress with our lessons, you will see it in a different light; anyway, I don't see what that mist has to do with the subject."

"Futher, might not that mist mean a mistake or a misapprehension? Then that verse would read: "But there went up a misapprehension from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground?"

"Why, Walter, there would be no sense to such

a saying. How could a misapprehension water the whole face of the ground?"

"Is not the Bible supposed to be an inspired book, father?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And is there not supposed to be a spiritual meaning to all that is written in it?"

"Yes, Walter; why do you ask?"

"Then might not the spiritual meaning of that verse be something like this: 'But there arose a misapprehension from the earth which deceived all the people.' If we add to this what is implied, that the following account of creation is what the people through this misapprehension believe, we get a clearer view of the real creation as narrated in the first chapter of Genesis."

It was several moments after Walter finished speaking before the pastor or his wife made any reply. Many times that evening they had been surprised at what they had heard Walter say; now they were both surprised and bewildered. The mother was the first to speak and said: "What you say, Walter, seems reasonable; yet

I do not think we have the right to change anything that is written in the Bible."

"That is true, wife; it is from this pernicious habit of translating the Bible to suit the thought of each ignoramus who thinks he knows something about the Bible, simply because he has read it once or twice, that all the contradictory sayings about the Bible originate, and it ought to be stopped by law," said the pastor.

"Why, father, that is not changing the Bible; it is simply bringing to light the hidden meaning, the same as you do when you interpret some of the sayings, or parables, of Jesus; anyway, I merely suggested that this might be the solution of the question of the account of a second creation."

"Walter, do not speak of a second creation again; everybody knows there is only one creation, for there is only one God and He is omniscient; that precludes the thought of a mistake or a re-creation. God made everything that was made in six days, and if He made everything in that time, there would not be anything more to make; for 'everything' includes 'all.'"

"Then which of the two narratives in the Bible is the true one, James?" asked his wife.

"My dear, I think that if we fully understood these two narratives, we would find them both correct. My own thought has been that the first narrative depicts the creation of the soul, and the second one the creation of the body, and how God placed the soul in the body, for Genesis 2:7 reads, *"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."*

Walter was somewhat confused by his father's explanation. He had never thought of it in this light, and now he was at a loss what to say. He felt sure that his father's explanation was not the correct one, and yet he had not thought of the matter sufficiently to be sure of his own views; he therefore decided to let the subject rest, and turning to his father, he said: "Don't you think we have had enough Bible study for the first night? It is half-past nine."

"Why, how fast the evening has passed. I'm sure you must be tired," anxiously exclaimed his mother.

"Yes, Walter," said his father, "I think we have done quite enough for one evening, besides, it is time that you retire."

"Father, this has been a very short and pleasant evening for me, and I think that I have profited much from our study of Genesis."

"I am very glad to hear you say that, Walter, and hope that you now clearly understand about the two narratives."

"I am not fully convinced that we have arrived at the truth about this second narrative, father. I shall spend to-morrow thinking and studying on that subject, and maybe by to-morrow evening I shall be able to see it as it really is."

"That's right, Walter," said the pastor, highly pleased at the thought of his son taking such an interest in the Scriptures; "it is only by study and research that we can gain knowledge." The pastor had no idea that Walter had any other source of information than the family Bible, but Walter was thinking of the book he had found, which was proving to be a key to the treasures of the Bible.

"Come, Walter," said his mother, "you had

better go to bed. I fear you have already over-exerted yourself, as you are not accustomed to be up so late."

Walter turned a bright and cheery face to her and said: "I do not feel tired at all, mother; for the lesson has been very interesting to me, so do not worry. I am sure it did me good. Good night, mother; good night, father; shall we have another lesson to-morrow night?"

"Yes, certainly; now good night and pleasant dreams."

Walter bade his mother an affectionate good night and went to his room. As soon as he was gone, the father and mother looked at each other, and there was hope and delight written on both their faces.

"He is surely getting better, for I never saw him so interested and cheerful in his whole life."

"I think we have secured the right medicine at last."

Mr. Williams lifted his face and said:

"I have prayed long and faithfully to God that He would spare his life and guide his footsteps into the ministry, and I believe both prayers

have been heard, for he is surely gaining rapidly in health, and has taken more than an ordinary interest in the Bible. Some of his questions were very absurd, but this is simply because he does not understand. I shall put a little study on tomorrow's lesson, so as to be more able to answer any questions which he may ask."

Shortly afterward, they ascended the stairs to retire for the night. As they passed Walter's room the mother listened at the door and concluded from the stillness that he was already asleep. "Dear boy," she said, "he must have been tired to fall asleep so quickly."

But Walter was not sleeping. He felt he could not sleep until he had cleared up the matter of the second narrative. He therefore kept perfectly still and let his mother pass without the customary last good night. As soon as she had gone he got out his books and resumed his reading. Turning to the chapter on Genesis, he read quietly for some time, then exclaimed: "Here it is, plain as day; it was n't God, Spirit, who created the *dust* man, and all the rest of this material universe. It was the Lord God, that is man's material con-

ception of God, or a false God. I wonder how I am going to make this plain to father without showing him this book." Then putting away the book, he was soon in bed and asleep.

CHAPTER VI

CONFUSION

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the pastor went to the library, secured his Bible, and began to read. After reading for some time, a look of perplexity came over his face. He leaned back in his chair, and his thoughts shaped themselves somewhat as follows: It's remarkable that I never noticed that this second narrative is the reverse of the first. They are clearly and distinctly two narratives. In the first there is no mention made of anything material, and all is created by the word of God — or spiritually; there is no mention of evil, but all is pronounced good by God. He made the earth, the trees, and the animals first, and man last, in an ascending scale; while in the 2d chapter of Genesis, God is supposed to have made man first, then woman, then the animals, etc., in a descending scale. I am now quite sure that my explanation to Walter about this second creation being an account of the creation of the

body is not correct; yet what else could it be? It certainly cannot be a second creation. Let me see; what did Walter say about that *mist* being a misapprehension that arose among the people as to the method of creation? And about this second narrative being the misapprehension? It sounded reasonable and would be an easy solution to this second account of creation; but how about this material body of mine, and the rest of the material things? Are we laboring under a misapprehension regarding all these things? Impossible! We could not all make the same mistake. Yet according to Walter's explanation, this *mist* watered the whole face of the earth; that means all the people. Where did this mist or misapprehension come from? There is no record of God having made it. What a position for a minister of the gospel to be in, preaching that man is the image and likeness of God, who is Spirit, and yet believing that man was created out of *dust*, or matter, thereby contradicting the statement, that we are the image and likeness of God, Spirit; for matter is not Spirit, but its opposite! I must admit I am very much confused,

and I must be able to explain these things by to-night, for Walter will be disappointed if he cannot continue the lessons. I think I had better read these first two chapters of Genesis over a few more times and maybe I will be able to escape this confusion.

The pastor read steadily until dinner time, also the entire afternoon. When he laid his book down to come to supper, he said: "I am fully convinced that these two narratives are not meant to be the same, nor is one the explanation of the other, for one is the direct opposite of the other. But I cannot decide which is the real, for the Bible speaks as though God was the author of both. Maybe Walter will have some idea that will shed light on the subject. I am astonished at his explanation of that mist; it is so reasonable. It is remarkable that it never occurred to me, after the many times I have read it."

At the supper table the pastor said: "Walter, what have you been doing all day? I have n't seen you except at dinner, and now at supper."

"I have been reading and thinking preparatory

to our lesson, as I suppose we shall have another lesson this evening."

"Yes, Walter, we shall continue, although I must confess that I am not as well prepared as I should like to be."

"Why, James, I thought you were reading the Bible almost all day," said his wife.

"So I was, dear, but I could not fully satisfy myself as to whether the second narrative explained the creation of the material body or whether it was an explanation of the first; in fact, I have come to the conclusion that it is not an explanation of the first, but that it is a separate and distinct narrative."

"Do you mean to say that there really were two creations?" asked his wife in a surprised tone.

"No, dear, I do not mean that. The truth of the matter is, I cannot find any reasonable explanation of the fact of these two accounts of creation. The difficulty had never occurred to me before, and I have not been able to find a satisfactory solution. Nevertheless, we will take up the subject in our lesson this evening, and see if

we cannot arrive at a clear understanding of it. I am going to the library, and when you are ready you can both come there, and we will get an early start." The pastor then left the room.

Mrs. Williams turned to her son and said: "Walter, I cannot understand how your father can be confused at anything found in the Bible, for he is credited with being one of the best Bible students in this part of the country."

"I suppose, mother, that it had never occurred to father, that there were two accounts of creation in the Bible. I think, though, that before the evening lesson is over we shall all understand just why that second account is given. Personally, I have come to a satisfactory conclusion concerning it, and maybe father will agree with me."

"But, Walter, you must not presume to teach your father anything concerning the Bible; he has put years of hard study on it."

"I know that is true, mother; but it has often happened that a skilled mechanic has worked for years on some particular thing, and never attained what he was after, and some other person who knew nothing of mechanism discovered the solu-

tion without any trouble. It may be so in this case. You or I may say just the thing that will clear up this seeming mystery."

"I know that such things have happened, but I would hardly presume to be able to say anything in regard to the Bible that your father has not thought of years ago."

Walter did not wish to say anything more on the subject, but it had occurred to him that if his father had been wrongly instructed in regard to creation, most likely he had also been mistaught in regard to many other things in the Bible; for he reasoned that if he started to explain the Bible from the wrong standpoint, that is, materially, instead of spiritually, he would necessarily be in error as to many of its teachings.

CHAPTER VII

THE SECOND LESSON

It was not long before his mother had finished her work, and said, "Come Walter, I am ready to go to the library."

They both entered and found Mr. Williams waiting for them, Bible in hand. He looked up at them as soon as they appeared and said: "I suppose the great question before us to-night is to decide whether there are one or two accounts of creation chronicled in the Bible; and if there are two, which one is the true account. Have you arrived at any conclusion in regard to this point, Walter?"

"Yes, father, I have. It seems very plain to me now, and if you will allow me, I shall be pleased to give my views regarding these two accounts."

This was just what the pastor wanted. He wished Walter to speak first, to see what conclusions the boy had arrived at, before he expressed

his own opinion; so he readily gave his consent and said: "Speak your mind freely, son, and if I cannot agree with you on all points, we will take up those points afterwards and discuss them."

Walter now had the privilege he wanted, but he felt he must be careful not to say too much for fear of awakening his father's suspicion; so he quietly opened the Bible he had brought with him, and read aloud, Genesis 2, 7th verse: "*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.*" As he finished reading this verse, he looked at his father and said: "You will notice, father, that the Bible says, 'the *Lord God*' formed this dust man; and this is evidently not the same God who created man in His image and likeness. You will also notice that the first narrative uses the single word 'God,' whenever it speaks of the Creator, while the second narrative always speaks of the *Lord God* as having made everything, and —"

"Wait, Walter," said the pastor hurriedly. He had intended to let Walter say everything he had to say on the subject, but he could not think

of allowing his son to bring out the theory that there were two Gods, as this would be worse than the thought of two creations. "You surely are not trying to bring forth the theory that there are two Gods, two supreme powers. I cannot possibly allow you to advance such a thought even in theory, for that would be heresy."

"Please, father, let me finish my explanation. I have no intention of bringing forth a theory upholding two supreme powers, but I desire to show that we are now in effect believing in two creative powers, and that only one of these can be true and real. Will you please look at the verse I have just read? Notice that it uses the words *Lord God*, and you will find that this form is used almost all of the way through this second narrative. Now look at the first chapter of Genesis; you will notice that it never speaks of the *Lord God*, but simply of God."

The pastor had caught the meaning of what Walter had said, and was now diligently reading first a verse in chapter 1, Genesis, then a corresponding verse in chapter 2.

Walter's mother had quietly risen, gone to the

bookcase, secured a Bible, and was also comparing one with the other. At length the pastor looked up at Walter with a surprised and confused look, and said: "What you say is true, Walter, and I must admit that I never noticed this before, but I cannot see that it changes the narratives any. The author or translator simply changed the name he employed to designate Deity, that is all. Still, I cannot understand what his reason could have been for making the change. It is also remarkable that the change should take place just at the time it does, at the beginning of the second narrative."

"It does seem strange that such a change should be made, if it was not done for a purpose," said Mrs. Williams.

"I believe I can explain why the change was made," said Walter.

"Very well, Walter," said the pastor, "let us hear your explanation."

"Well, father, as I understand it, the first creation is real, it being the work of God. Then the Bible speaks of that *mist* or misapprehension that arose, and the story told in the second narrative

is this misapprehension. Therefore, I should judge that *Lord God* means a humanly-conceived God. Through misapprehension of the real character and nature of Deity, men believe that the earth and man were created as related in the second narrative, which agrees with all our present materialistic ideas. I mean by this, that we all think and believe that God made man materially, out of the dust of the earth, while the first account says that man was made in the image and likeness of God. Accordingly, since God is Spirit, man must be spiritual; a dust or material man cannot be that likeness, because matter is the opposite of Spirit. Then, again, everything that God made was good — and this dust man is more evil than good; and since God, who is conceded to be wholly good, made all, and pronounced all that He made good, this dust or material man, being evil, was never made; but, through a misapprehension, we think man to be material, and believe this material man to be real. To illustrate what I mean, suppose some one told you a falsehood and you believed it to be the truth; then the lie would seem true to you. Nevertheless, because

you believed this lie to be truth, that would not make a truth of it; it would be a lie still, regardless of your belief. In the same way theologians have made a mistake in thinking that this second creation is real, and have taught men that they originated from dust and must return to dust, and every one believes this: and because every one believes this mistake, it seems like truth to all of us; but no matter how many believe a lie, it does not make truth of it; and it is because of this false interpretation that all evil has come upon us, for in the real and spiritual creation there is no mention of evil. It is only after that *mist* or misapprehension arose that evil is mentioned. Now, father, if my explanation is the truth, then God did not make evil, did not make sickness; and if He did n't make sickness, it was never made, for the Bible says that God made all that was made. Then sickness is also a part of the misapprehension that arose, and is not real, does not exist, except in our mistaken thoughts. In other words, we have all been taking a lie for the truth, and the whole world has been taught this error; and through this mistake we thought it possible

for evil to exist, when we ought to have known that God could not have made evil; for there is no mention of sin, disease, or death in the first narrative, which is the account of the real creation."

Walter stopped, his face all aglow with joy and enthusiasm. He had risen to his feet while he was speaking, and now he looked from father to mother, but he saw only perplexity written on their faces.

"Can't you see it, father? Mother, did n't I make it plain? It seems so easy for me to understand it now. Don't you see what it means to me? It means that man never was and never can be sick, and hence, that we will not be sick when we have attained to our true selfhood, spiritual consciousness. We are sick only in belief, and we are healed when we awake to the truth of being. Sickness is only an illusion, which the truth dispels. This must be the truth that Jesus Christ spoke of when he said, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free, — the truth about God, and man, and the universe. Yes, it has made me free; for it has lifted

this cloud of sickness and feebleness from my mind, and I feel perfectly well and strong."

Again he looked from one to the other of his parents. On his father's face he saw sorrow written; on his mother's, fear.

Looking upward he was still for a moment, then he softly said:

"Oh, thou, God, who art all good; who never made evil or sickness; I thank thee for this great truth which thou hast revealed to me. I also desire that thou wilt show this same truth to my father and mother; and I believe that thou wilt; for thy Son, Jesus Christ, hath said that whatever we desire when we pray, we shall believe that we receive and we shall receive; and I do believe that my desire will be granted, for Jesus Christ would not have said it, if it were not true."

Mr. Williams and his good wife were speechless. The words they had heard and the actions of Walter had caused the father to fear that his son's mind had given way; while the mother thought there was something supernatural about it all, and felt half inclined to believe that what she

had heard was the truth, and that this wisdom was given to her son from on high.

The pastor advanced to where Walter stood, looked at him inquiringly, laid his hand on his arm and said: "Sit down, Walter, don't get excited; we shall all understand it better after a while." Then looking at his wife, he said, "Mother, don't you think we have had enough Bible study for this evening?"

His wife was surprised at the question, for it had not occurred to her that Walter might be demented, hence could not see why her husband wished to discontinue the lesson, for they had only begun; but, ever ready to agree with him, she answered, "Just as you think best, James."

Walter looked at his father for a moment, wondering what could be the matter; and as he thought of all he had said, it occurred to him that his father must think he had lost his reason, and it seemed so ridiculous to him that he burst out laughing. This only made matters worse, however, since it confirmed his father's opinion.

The good man sadly shook his head, saying, "It is worse than I thought."

This only made Walter laugh the heartier.

The mother looked from her laughing son to her sorrowing husband, wondering what it all meant. At last she said, "James, what is worse than you thought?"

Before the pastor could answer, Walter said: "Mother, don't you see, father thinks I have gone crazy; could anything seem more ridiculous?"

"Crazy!" ejaculated the mother, "Did you think that, James?"

The pastor did not answer. He had supposed that no one but a demented person would say the things Walter had said. But it certainly was not the act of a demented person to thus read his thought.

"Mother," said Walter, and there was still a healthy smile on his face, "now that I come to think of it, I do not wonder that father thought I had lost my reason, as it would be impossible for him to grasp this great truth as readily as you or I. To do so, he would have to unlearn in these few minutes all that he has ever been taught regarding the creation. With you and me, mother, it is easier; we have only believed, and

belief is never absolute conviction, and so can more readily be changed. I read a parable to-day that I think will explain what I mean. Some one has said, '*You cannot add any more to a cask already full.*' So it is with father. His mind is filled so full of the theological teaching about God and creation, that there is room for nothing that differs from this teaching, until some of the old is emptied out. I believe this emptying out process is what is meant by Jesus when he said: '*Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*' I take this to mean that we must put human opinion and prejudice aside, and have a free, open, and inquiring mind, before this great truth can be understood by us."

"Walter," said his father rather sternly, "I think you have said enough on this subject. Do you think it is in keeping for you to set yourself up as a greater authority respecting what the Bible means than the men who have labored all their lives on the Bible? Personally, I have spent the greater portion of the last twenty years in Bible study, and I believe that I have a very good

idea of what it contains, and yet, I would be very slow to assert my opinions if they were not in accord with our best Bible students, therefore you ought to readily see how untenable your present position is. "I am sure that you are making a grave mistake in questioning the correctness of the generally accepted interpretation given by our clergy, to the various books of the Old and New Testament."

"Father, I meant no offense, and am sorry that I spoke so hastily; I can readily see that from the viewpoint of one with your understanding of the Bible my position is very questionable, and in the future I shall endeavor to be more careful as to what I say."

"Very well; in regard to this question of creation, we will consider that closed for the present; and in the near future, probably next Sunday, I will preach a sermon on creation; and as you will undoubtedly both be there, you will hear this subject made plain. In the mean time I would advise that you put as much study as possible on this subject, and consequently be better able to understand my sermon. We will

continue the lessons after I have delivered the sermon on creation; now I think you had better retire."

Walter was very much astonished at the way his father had taken his explanation, and for a moment was sorry that he had said so much at one time. Then he smiled, as a happy thought struck him. If his father now intended to deliver a sermon on creation, he would be compelled to carefully study Genesis, and Walter believed that enough had been said to make his father doubt the second narrative. He felt like saying, "I don't believe you will ever preach that sermon;" but instead he said: "All right, father, I shall faithfully study on the Bible, as you wish, and I am sorry if my explanation has offended you; I stated it just as it presented itself to my mind."

"Never mind, Walter," said his mother; "we cannot all of us be as well versed in the Bible as your father, who has spent most of his life in its study."

"Would you suggest, father, that I continue to study Genesis from the place we left off?"

"Yes, son," said the pastor, more kindly; "start

where we left off this evening, and it might be well for you to review what we have passed over, so that you will be able to fully understand my sermon."

Walter then lovingly bade his father and mother good night, and ascended to his chamber, carrying his Bible with him.

As soon as he had left the room, the pastor turned to his wife and said: "I wonder what can have taken possession of that boy; he has changed wonderfully. Whereas he was always speaking of his sickness, and complaining of being weak, he never refers to his trouble now, nor does he complain of being tired any more. And what is more wonderful, he does not walk and act as if he were tired or weak. He also looks cheerful, and his explanation was full of vim and courage, even though it was all nonsense."

"I think, James, it is the work of that last medicine. He has begun to notice that he is getting better, and in his great enthusiasm he ascribes his healing to the goodness of God, and is very desirous of giving thanks for his recovery."

"That may be it," said the pastor; "yet I

don't see any reason for his talking such nonsense. Some of his assertions are simply absurd; for instance, that assertion about his never having been sick in reality, and that there is no evil. Have n't we had the best physicians in the country, and did n't they say he had hereditary consumption? That certainly ought to prove its reality. Besides, he had been gradually growing weaker and weaker under our very eyes."

"That is all true, James; yet I do not think that all he said was nonsense. When he was speaking, his face seemed to glow with a heavenly radiance, and while you thought he had lost his mind, I believed that he was inspired from on high."

The pastor sat bolt upright in his chair, and looked at his wife. If this thing kept up much longer he would be demented himself! What was the matter with his family? How could his wife take the nonsense of a boy for inspiration?

"Now James, don't look at me that way! It does not seem so very incredible to me that God should have made everything good, and that the good alone is real, and that evil is unreal, though

we make it seem real by thinking it to be so. I think that is what Walter was trying to make clear to us. To illustrate,—if you should receive word this evening that your brother had been killed in a railroad disaster, you would certainly feel sorrowful, and you would say that you felt sorrowful. But if, in the morning, your brother should step into the house perfectly well, your sorrow would vanish. This would prove that your sorrow was not caused by the death of your brother, but simply because you believed him dead; so it would be the belief that caused the sorrow, and not any fact.”

“I can agree with you in regard to your illustration; for it would be the belief that my brother was dead, although he was not dead, that would make me sorrowful. But the two cases are not parallel. In the one, nothing had happened; but in the other there was in reality a sick boy, and not simply the report of a sick boy.”

“Can you not see, James, that if God never made sickness, and if He made all that was made, then sickness can not be a reality? Man, God’s child, cannot be sick, but if we believe in the

mortal law of sickness, that it is a part of God's plan and provision, this will make sickness seem real and legitimate, though in fact it is unreal and untrue. I believe that it is just as Walter stated it. If we believe a falsehood to be truth, this falsehood then seems like truth to us. But no matter how many believe a lie to be the truth, or how long they believe it, it still remains a lie."

"What you say, wife, about the lie, is plain, but sickness is not a lie or a falsehood; it is only too real."

"James, if sin, sickness, and death are real, God must have made them; for the Bible says that God made everything that was made. It also says that He pronounced it all very good. It might be possible to stretch the imagination enough to think that sickness, or even death, may be good under certain conditions; but no Christian surely would agree that sin is good. And if we were to admit that sickness and death were made by God and were good, then we must admit that Jesus Christ destroyed the works of God, and, in so doing, destroyed something that was good. Oh, James, the more I think of Walter's explanation,

the more reasonable it seems, and I cannot get the idea out of my mind that our boy was inspired when he made it."

"Lillian, I will admit that never in my whole life have I been so confused about anything as I am in regard to these two narratives of creation. If we admit that the first narrative is the only correct account of creation, whence came all this evil, sin, and sickness into the world, and how did I acquire this material body, and where did all these other material things come from? If we admit that the second narrative is true, then God, in a sense, must be responsible for all the trials and tribulations of man; for God is all-powerful, and could have made us better, even perfect. Now that I think of it, I don't believe the Bible teaches that God made evil. It speaks of the 'Lord God' as cursing the ground, but it does not accuse God of making evil; and yet God made all. Can evil be only a lie, a dream, a delusion, — a mistake or misapprehension, as Walter called it? What a state for a minister to be in! Why, I believe I am questioning the truth of the Bible."

"No, James, I don't think you could properly

call that questioning the Bible. You are simply seeking the truth, and I know that when you get into a calmer frame of mind, you will readily find it. Don't you think that we had better retire now? To-morrow, you will have time to consider the subject further."

"I suppose we had. I see no way to satisfy myself except by carefully studying the whole book of Genesis, and I am very doubtful whether I shall be able to find what I want even there; for I have often noticed that, when a man once begins to doubt the truth of the Bible, he usually becomes an unbeliever. God grant that this may not happen to me!"

"O, I have no fear of that," said his wife; "you are too firm a believer in God to ever doubt the essential teachings of the Bible."

"I hope so, wife; yet I must admit that I am beginning to doubt the genuineness of the second narrative, although for the last fifteen years I have preached the Gospel from the standpoint of man's being created from dust. In fact, I could not preach otherwise, as it would have been impossible for me to have made my congregation

believe that man is wholly spiritual, and that our sense of material life and of a material body is false, an entire misapprehension of the nature of God's creation."

"But, James, have n't we a material body? Don't we have to feed, clothe, and take care of it?"

"That is the way I always believed, but if Walter's idea is correct in regard to that mist, or misapprehension, then the first chapter of Genesis is correct. In that case, man certainly is not material in any sense, since he is the manifestation of Spirit, and our material sense of man is but the result of our education in false belief. Wife, I am half inclined to think that this is the solution; but how can I prove to others, or even to myself, that all this is true?"

"It surprises me, James, that you cannot readily explain this part of the Bible; for you have done little else all your life but study it. At any rate, let it rest for to-night. You will, no doubt, get the right thought more readily after a good night's sleep."

The pastor rather reluctantly followed his wife upstairs. He would have preferred to solve this

knotty problem before retiring. He laid awake a long time, thinking deeply, and the more he thought the more firmly he was compelled to believe that Walter was right in his conclusion that the first narrative is the true one. Then the thought came: "If this is correct, it will turn the whole world into confusion, for everybody believes in the dust man; in fact, every clergyman I know of is preaching the gospel from this standpoint."

It was after midnight before he finally went to sleep.

Walter, also, laid awake some time, but he was not trying to solve the question as to which was the true narrative. He had fully satisfied himself in regard to this. What he was trying to do was to think of some way to convince his father and mother in regard to it.

CHAPTER VIII

THE THIRD LESSON

Nearly two months had passed since the evening of the last Bible lesson. Walter was so interested in studying the Bible in connection with the "key" which he had found that he did not notice the dreary winter days. Besides, he was gaining very rapidly in strength and flesh, to the great joy of his parents. His mother had noticed, some time ago, that he did not take his medicine, and spoke to him about it. He answered her in a very positive, but gentle tone: "No, mother, I am not taking any medicine, and never intend to take any more; for I am now depending entirely on God, and he is making me well."

His mother asked him when he had stopped taking it, and he said: "I determined never again to take medicine the night I realized that sickness is not real, and that our false material sense, with all its outcome of sickness and death, is to be done away with, not by taking drugs, but through the comprehension of 'the things of Spirit.'"

Both his father and his mother tried to persuade him to continue taking the medicine, as they still believed that his improvement was due to the last kind he had been taking.

Walter knew better, so he said: "Please allow me to leave off taking it for a short time, and if I do not continue to improve, I will begin taking it again to please you."

It had been left that way, although his parents were averse to his stopping when he seemed to be gaining so rapidly. They watched him closely, but he continued to improve so steadily that the medicine had not been referred to again. His mother continued to take hers, but showed no improvement.

Many times Walter asked his father when he would resume their Bible lessons again; but his father never seemed ready. He noticed that he always seemed to be in a very thoughtful mood. The boy knew what was the cause of it, and several times had tried to engage his father in conversation regarding creation or some other part of the Bible, as he desired to point out the truth to him. But his father always dropped the sub-

ject as soon as possible, nor had he preached the sermon on creation as he had promised.

The pastor daily studied the Bible and took copious notes as he read, but did not seem to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Many times he wondered at the little things that Walter said about the Bible, and on several occasions he made up his mind to ask him some questions; but he disliked to let the boy know of his own inability to satisfy himself. He wondered whether his wife were right in regard to the boy's being inspired. How else could he account for some of the things Walter said. On several occasions he had taken the trouble to prove Walter's assertions, and found, to his surprise, that the Bible fully substantiated his statements.

This was the state of affairs on a January afternoon, when the pastor said to himself: "Come what will, I am going to continue those Bible lessons this evening. What Walter said brought me into this darkness and confusion and it is possible he may say something that will show me the light."

That evening, at supper, the pastor surprised

his wife and son by saying: "If it is agreeable to you both, we will continue our Bible lessons this evening."

They readily assented, and as soon as Mrs. Williams had finished her work, they repaired to the library.

As soon as they were seated the pastor said: "Well, Walter, have you changed your mind in regard to which of the two narratives regarding creation is the correct one?"

"No, father, I have not. I have put considerable more study on that subject since our last lesson, and I am now fully satisfied that the first narrative is correct."

"Walter, I believe you are right. I have been studying and thinking, these two months, and have come to the same conclusion regarding creation. Yet in no way have I been able to explain away all these material things and this material body."

"James, have you come to the conclusion that all real things are spiritual?" asked his wife.

"Yes, Lillian, for there are only two conclusions to arrive at. Either God is the creator

spoken of in the first narrative where everything was made by the Word, or spiritually, and is pronounced very good, or else God is the creator spoken of in the second narrative and would, therefore, be the creator of evil, sickness, sin, and death, with all the other dire calamities to which we are subjected. And since I have thought and studied on this question, I cannot conceive of our Heavenly Father as visiting all these troubles on his children, any more than I would bring such a visitation on my family. So of the two, I prefer to believe that God made everything good, as described in the first narrative. It is impossible to believe both narratives, for they are direct opposites. What bothers me is this material body and everything else that is material."

"Father, I believe I can throw some light on that subject if you will allow me."

His father looked at him for a moment, undecided whether to ask him to explain or not, for the last explanation had caused all his confusion; yet, as he thought of it, he now agreed with that explanation. Possibly the boy was inspired and he was doing wrong in not hearing what he had

to say. Anyway, his getting well without the use of doctors or drugs was little short of a miracle to him, so he decided to have him explain, and said: "I will hear what you have to say on this subject, Walter, but be careful not to say anything ridiculous."

Walter smiled. He had learned a lesson the time he made the explanation regarding creation, and he did not intend that enthusiasm should cause him to say too much this time and thereby make the same mistake as before. So he simply asked his father a question. "Years ago, did not everybody think the earth was flat?"

"Yes, Walter, but what has that to do with our material bodies?"

"Did everybody believe it, father?"

"Certainly, for they did not know differently."

"Did their thinking this make it so?"

"Most assuredly not, as you well know. But why these questions?"

"Simply because this is just what we have long been doing regarding man. We have been thinking that he is made up of a spiritual part, the soul, and a material part, called body; but

our false thinking did not change the fact of being any more than the thought that the earth was flat changed the earth. It seemed flat to those who believed it flat, though the truth is that the earth is spherical. So with the universe and man; they seem material to us who believe them to be so, but in truth, man is spiritual and has a spiritual body."

"I can readily agree with you in regard to the earth, because we know that it always was spherical, but we cannot prove that man is wholly spiritual."

"That is just the point, father. We can readily admit that the earth is spherical after it has been proven so. Still, before this proof was furnished, the people would not admit it, any more than we will admit that man is wholly spiritual. Nevertheless, the earth was spherical before it was proven so, and likewise man is spiritual. The proof of his spirituality does not change the facts because they must always remain what they are, regardless of what we think or believe. Nevertheless, Jesus Christ, on several occasions, proved that he had power over all material law and

conditions, and the abundant proofs are given us in the Bible. He also said, 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' "

"I know that Jesus Christ said that, but he said it about something entirely different. You can hardly ask me to believe something I cannot see or prove; for you know, Walter, the old saying, that seeing is believing."

Walter immediately thought of the teaching of the book he had found, and said:

"Can we always believe what we see?"

"Yes, I think so, son."

"Father, if you were to look out of this window to-morrow morning, you would see that the heaven and earth seemed to meet in the distance; would you believe that they do?"

"Certainly not, for I know better."

"Still, you say that seeing is believing." His father leaned back in his chair and regarded his son critically. Was the boy inspired? How else could he account for his wisdom? What was he to hear next? Should he ask any more questions? Yes, he would ask him something more about this material body. "Walter, is there any-

thing in the Bible that you know of wherewith to substantiate your claim that man is wholly spiritual?"

"I think there is, father. Jesus Christ must have known that man is spiritual, and not material; for if he had believed him to be both spiritual and material, he could not have walked on the water. In several places as you well remember, it speaks of Jesus as becoming invisible to those around him."

"I know, son, but Jesus Christ was the Son of God."

"That is true, father; so also is the true man. I distinctly remember reading in St. John: 'Now are we the sons of God.' St. Paul also speaks of us as 'sons of God' and 'joint heirs with Christ.'"

Mr. Williams slowly closed the Bible he had been holding open on his knee and looked at his son. Where would this thing end? He must try and confine the boy to one thing at a time; so he said, "I am still in the dark concerning your idea of how the material world came to be."

"Father, I will quote you again from the Bible — 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

This means that if you think anything, no matter what, and believe what you think, then so it is with you, it seems true to you. For instance, take a demented person, who imagines that he is King George, and believes it: to himself he is King George, and no one can make him believe otherwise."

"That may be true of one who is demented, but how about a sane person?"

"This person may be sane on every topic but that one. I will give you another illustration of what wrong thought on any subject will do. I read a while ago about some college students who decided to play a joke on a professor. This professor walked several blocks in going to the college, and the students decided to place themselves at frequent intervals along his path, and that each one should comment on how badly he looked, and intimate to him that he was sick. So on a certain morning, as the professor was walking to the college, feeling as well as usual, the first person he met was one of the students who greeted him warmly with a hearty 'Good morning,' and then added: 'What is the matter, professor; are you sick?' The

professor said: 'No, I am feeling as well as usual; why do you ask? The student told him he looked very pale, and that he thought he must surely be sick. The professor assured the student that he was feeling well and started toward the college. The next student he met also told him he looked sick. This was repeated several times, and caused the professor to imagine that there must be something wrong. Being told the same thing a few more times, he believed that he was sick, or believed what he thought, and turned back home a very sick man. So is it with us. We think materially, and because we believe what we think, it makes it seem true to us, even though it is not the truth."

"A very good illustration, Walter. I think I understand what you mean. If we all thought our bodies were spiritual, and believed what we thought, then our bodies would be spiritual; in other words, whichever way we think and believe, so it really is."

"No, father; that is not quite right. Simply thinking you are sick or well, and believing it, does not change the facts of being. The truth

about anything remains the truth, regardless of how many falsehoods are told about it; but as long as we have a false sense of things we cannot see them as they are and our lives cannot be harmonious."

"Am I to understand Walter, that no matter what I or others may think or believe about man, it does not change the fact regarding him, but only seems to do so to our senses?"

"That is just what I mean. God made man in His image and likeness, and since He is Spirit, man must be like Him, or spiritual, for matter is not the likeness of Spirit, but its opposite."

"That seems quite reasonable, Walter," said his mother; "but this material body is here. I can see it and feel it."

"Material conditions seem real because we take our information from our five corporeal senses; but as these five senses can only testify regarding material things because of their materiality, they do not testify to the truth, or reality, about man and the universe."

"Walter," said the pastor, "do you wish to

intimate that I cannot always rely on the testimony of my five senses?"

"Yes, the five material senses are continually deceiving us. I have spoken about the sense of sight before. Now I will give you another illustration, which shows the deception of all the senses. Father, do you believe life to be a reality?"

"I certainly do."

"Can you see life?"

"I hardly know how to answer that; I can see that you are alive. No, I shall say we can not see life itself, but only the manifestation of life."

"I agree with you, father; we cannot see life itself. Can we hear life?"

"No."

"Can we touch life?"

"No."

"Can we smell life?"

"No."

"Can we taste life?"

"No."

"Then our five material senses do not testify anything regarding one reality, at least; for you said that life is a reality."

The pastor and his wife were very much surprised at Walter's ability to explain these things. His mother was fully convinced that he was inspired, and the father was fast coming to the same conclusion.

"Did you understand me, father?"

"Yes, fully; you make it very plain."

"Now, father, would you say that the opposite of a reality is an unreality?"

The pastor hesitated, hardly daring to answer; at length he said, "Yes, it must be."

"Is not death the opposite of life, father?"

"Yes, Walter."

"Then if life is real, its opposite, or death, must be unreal; can you agree to that, father?" He always addressed his father, for his mother was showing by the nodding of her head that she fully agreed with him.

"I must say, Walter, that I do agree with you, to quite an extent; but I shall have to think it all over carefully before I can be fully convinced."

Walter then continued: "We have found that the five senses do not testify regarding a reality; now let us see if they testify regarding an un-

reality. As we have agreed that death is the opposite of life and that life is real and death unreal, we will illustrate by taking death as an example, and a cow as the subject of illustration. When a cow dies, we say that life, which is the reality has flown; and the unreality, or the material part that we call the dead carcass, remains. Do our five senses testify anything regarding this unreality, or material remainder? Yes, all of the senses —”

“One moment, Walter; you began by taking death as an example, and now you are speaking of the dead body, which to me seems to be an entirely different thing.”

Just the shadow of a smile was noticeable on Walter's serene face, as he looked at his father, and said: “The dead body is merely the manifestation of death, and if we disprove one, we also disprove the other, as they are inseparable, the same as life and consciousness or the sun and its rays are inseparable. Can you accept these statements, father?”

“Only in part; but you may proceed with your illustration.”

"Very well. I was just asking the question: Do our five material senses testify anything regarding this unreality or dead body? Yes, all five of them; for we can see this unreality with the eye. If this unreality is moved, we note the fact with the ear. If we reach forth our hand, we can touch it. After decomposition sets in, we can smell it; and if we would put a piece of it into our mouth, we could even taste this unreality. This ought to convince us of the unreliability of the knowledge transmitted to us by the five senses; for, as I have shown, they all say that the unreal is real and that the real is unreal. St. Paul said: 'To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.' "

"I know that St. Paul said this, but do not see that it has any bearing on the question we are discussing," said the pastor.

"On the contrary, father, I think it is a verification of what I have been illustrating."

"Can you explain what you mean, Walter, so that your mother and I will understand?"

"To me it seems plain that the carnal mind is the fleshly mind, which thinks that everything is

material; and this method of thinking leads to belief in a material body and therefore to belief in the return of the fleshly body to its original state, 'dust to dust,' the real meaning of which I think is: Nothing you were, to nothing you must return, for only the real is eternal."

"Walter, where do you get that definition of the word 'dust'?"

"I take it from what is implied in the second chapter of Genesis, seventh verse, where it reads, '*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.*' It is clear to me that dust must be the name given to designate something that exists only in our imagination, a false sense of the real, an illusion; and this 'Lord God,' the suppositional creator of material things, is the false or material sense of God entertained by mortals, and such a god exists only in our false sense. I believe that our prayers are unanswered for the very reason that the god we have been praying to is not the true God but a man-made god, or, as I said before, a god conceived by man."

"Not so fast, Walter; let us finish one thing at a time. Your explanation of the dust man is

very reasonable, but I don't see where you get your authority for calling dust an unreality, or illusion."

"Father, I thought we agreed that there is a hidden or spiritual meaning to all that is written in the Bible, and I think that what I have said about this dust or material man is in accordance with this meaning. Take, for instance, the first verse of chapter three of Genesis, which reads: '*Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden.*' Now, father, who ever heard of a talking snake. No one. It is only a myth, and I believe that this snake was used to symbolize the narrator's idea of evil, tempting the children of God, good, to do evil.

"Another proof that this second narrative is metaphorically written is in Genesis 2, 9th verse, which reads: '*And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.*' We can readily agree that there is no tree

that bears fruit called 'good and evil'; so this word 'tree' is used metaphorically, and stands for something quite different."

Walter stopped and looked at his father to see what effect his speech was having on him, thinking that perhaps he had said quite enough for one time. But his father was leaning slightly forward and had been drinking in every word the boy was saying. As he was now fully convinced that his son did not of himself know all these things about the Bible, he thought that he must be inspired. The mother had the same opinion, so she did not care to interrupt him.

Walter continued looking from one to the other, not knowing what to make of their silence and the knowing look which passed between them, as it did not occur to him that they thought him to be inspired.

At length the father said: "Walter, do you know what is meant by the word 'tree' in that verse?"

"I think I do, father. To me it stands for the word, 'thought,' for this seems to bring out the spiritual meaning of the verse. For instance, if

we should read the verse this way: 'Every thought that is pleasant to the sight (understanding), and good for food, the thought of life also in the midst of the garden and the thought or belief of good and evil.' This may not be correct, but it at least makes it plain to me. And when we remember that Adam and Eve were allowed to eat of all the trees excepting this tree of knowledge of good and evil, it seems to me that they were forbidden to believe that both good and evil are real; in other words, to believe that both Spirit and matter exist; for as soon as they ate, that is, believed in materiality, the penalty for the false belief was the belief also in death, which thenceforth seemed as real to them as did matter and the material body. This false belief must in the end inevitably result in the death or annihilation of itself. It is only this false belief of life as existent in matter, or in the material body, that dies and is annihilated, for the real or spiritual man cannot die."

"What do you mean by spiritual man?"

"The Bible teaches that God is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. Let us define this

word 'omniscient.' In Latin, 'omni' means all, and 'scientia' means science. Then it would be proper to say: 'God is all science, and science is perfect intelligence'; for the scientific reality concerning anything is the perfect intelligence pertaining thereto. We can now say, 'God is all intelligence.' The word 'all' includes our intelligence. So God is the intelligence, the thinking ability, or Mind, of man, and man is the idea of God."

"Walter, do you wish to intimate that the brain is God?"

"No, father, the brain cannot think."

"Walter, this is nonsense; the brain is certainly the instrument of thought; we certainly do not think with our hands or feet."

"Just a moment, father. We shall see whether we think with the brain. Suppose we take it out and lay it on a platter; does it then produce thought?"

"Certainly not; it is not in its proper place," said his father.

"All right, father; let us look at it another way. Suppose a man should drop dead on the street

from apoplexy. There lies his material body, and his brain occupies its accustomed place, not having been disturbed at all; yet you would not say that his brain has the ability to think."

"But the man is dead; life has flown," said Mr. Williams.

"Then it is life that has in itself the ability to think, for the brain is there in its proper place, yet cannot think. So we have arrived at the same point in our reasoning where we were before, that God is Mind, intelligence, the Life of man, and that the brain cannot think. You see, father, the brain is matter, the same as the rest of our material body, that is, dust; as I explained before, it is simply a product or projection of false sense, a nothing, an illusion, or false conception."

"Do you mean to say that I have no body at all?"

"No, father, what I mean is that man, being made in the image and likeness of God, Spirit, must be spiritual, and possess a spiritual body, else man would not be the image and likeness of Spirit, for God, Spirit, could not make a material world, or a material man, since matter is the opposite of Spirit."

Mr. Williams leaned his head on his hand and was thinking deeply. Could Walter's explanation be the truth? He could see that, when what we call death occurs, the consciousness, intelligence, or what we call life, seems to leave the body, and thereafter the body is inanimate, and in time returns to dust. Reasoning from this standpoint, he could agree that life and intelligence, in the ordinary acceptance of those terms, are the same, and that the intelligence of man, as commonly understood, is his mind was also plain; but that the real Mind is God, was beyond his comprehension, because he had always conceived of mind as being a product of brain activity, and consequently believed that the brain had the power of thought. Yet Walter's explanation concerning the inability of the brain in the corpse to think, and that it is as material as the rest of the body, convinced him that the brain, in itself, does not exercise the power of thought. Was the boy right regarding the word "omniscient"? If so, it would be easy to agree with him when he said that God is really the intelligence or Mind of man. He, himself, believed in an all-intelligent Creator.

Walter, all this while, had been waiting for his father and mother to express themselves. As they did not, he said: "If we can agree that Mind is God, then it is very easy to conceive of man as the image and likeness of God, and of this image as being spiritual, and not material."

His father looked up at him, but did not speak. His mother said: "How would that help matters, Walter?"

"If we reason from the standpoint that Mind is the creative force or First Cause, knowing as we do that like produces like, it would be impossible for the creative force, or Mind, to produce matter: for matter is the opposite of Mind. What, then, does Mind create? — why, thoughts or ideas, and nothing else. So we see that man is a thought, an idea, emanating from the one Mind or creative force, and that this idea or thought must be the image and likeness of the Mind or intelligence which conceives it. This enables us to understand spiritual man, who is the image and likeness of God."

"Walter," said his father, "I do not think I can hear any more to-night. I will not say that you are right or that you are wrong, as I must

have time to think. The more I hear you talk, the more in the dark I seem to be. It is getting quite late and I think we ought to retire."

"All right," said Walter, "but do not be offended with my seeming presumption in trying to explain the Bible as I see it, for I believe I am right. I am fully convinced that it cannot be otherwise."

"No, Walter, I am not offended, but very badly mixed up in my thought, because of the peculiar views which you have expressed concerning God and man. What proof have you had that you are right?"

"Through these peculiar views, as you call them, I am being restored to health; indeed, I believe that every symptom has gone forever, and that I am entirely well. Besides, I feel so happy, contented, and free that I can hardly wait for the day when mother will understand, and be free from her bondage."

"If understanding will make her free, I pray to God that he will give her such understanding, but I cannot see what connection understanding can possibly have with sickness."

“You know, father, Jesus Christ said, ‘Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.’ The question is, free from what? The men he was speaking to answered him, saying: ‘We be Abraham’s seed, and were never in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, Ye shall be free?’ Jesus Christ answered them: ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.’ Matthew tells us that at another time, Jesus Christ intimated that sin and sickness are of the same origin. He said to a *sick* man, ‘Son, be of good cheer; thy *sins* are forgiven thee.’ Certain of the scribes said, ‘This man blasphemeth.’ But Jesus, knowing what they were thinking and saying, answered them, ‘Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise and walk?’ If we can now agree that sin and sickness are from the same root, this adaptation of the words of Jesus would be true: ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sickness, is the servant of sickness’; for we certainly are the slaves of any sickness that we claim to have, and we give it the power to rule us with

a rod of iron, and in doing so we more or less unconsciously sin against the first commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' since really we are making to ourselves a god, in consenting to the supposed power, of disease. And if we take medicine, we are believing that the medicine has power to heal, and so are making to ourselves a god of it, and in doing this we break the same commandment. Do we not say that God is all-powerful; that is, the only power? To admit that medicine or any other thing besides God, has power, while saying that God is all-powerful is to serve God with the lips, while the heart is far from Him. This is little short of hypocrisy. Now, father, good night. I hope that by a careful perusal of the Bible on this subject you will be able to agree with me. Good night, mother," and with a hearty response from them both, he turned away.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Williams said: "You must surely agree with me to-night, my dear, that our boy is inspired."

In a tender voice the pastor answered: "Yes, that is the only way I can account for the wonder-

ful things which he says. I must admit that he has gone far beyond me in the understanding of the Bible. I intend to put in the next few days in verifying his explanations."

"James, do you think the boy can be right in regard to sickness and sin having the same origin?"

"There is hardly any other conclusion to arrive at, if we believe the words of Jesus Christ. Now let us go to bed; it is quite late."

CHAPTER IX

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL

Bright and early the next morning, Walter was up and delving in "Science and Health," his new-found treasure. After reading some time he heard his mother calling him to breakfast, and he laid the volume down with the thought: "This is the most wonderful book I ever read. No matter how many times I read it over, it seems like a new statement, and sometimes I wonder if I did not skip some of it when I read it before, as there are many things I see in it now that I did not see at first. I suppose it is because I did not understand it all the first time."

Shortly after breakfast, his mother asked Walter to do an errand for her down town. On the way, he began to wonder whether the Christian Scientists had a church or meeting-place. He also wished that he knew a Scientist, as he desired very much to ask some questions, particularly in regard to his mother's illness.

On his return from town, he was compelled to wait several moments at a railroad crossing near the depot, and, as he stepped inside, his eye caught sight of a little bracket nailed to the wall. In the bracket was a very neat-appearing magazine or periodical, and on the cover in large print were the words, "Christian Science Journal." Walter walked quickly over to the bracket, took the periodical, and began to examine it. He saw that it was published monthly in Boston. Opening this journal, he saw that the first part was reading matter, and as he turned page after page, he came to where he read, "List of Organized Churches of Christ, Scientist." Immediately he looked to see if there was a church in his town. He noticed that the names of the States and cities were arranged alphabetically. After searching for a moment he said: "Yes, here it is: 'Mapelton, Vermont. First Church of Christ, Scientist; First Reader, Arthur M. Collington. Services 10:45 A. M. (Sunday school 12 M.), Wednesday, 7:45 P. M., No. 52 Squirrel Ave., on Island. Reading-room, same address, 2 to 4 P. M.' Why, that is only five or six blocks from my home; I wish I

could go to their service. I may some day. From this list, they seem to have a great many churches: ten in Chicago alone; three in Cleveland, Ohio; three in Kansas City; three in London, England; six in New York City; two in New Orleans, La.; three in Portland; one in Paris, France; one in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. Why, they seem to be in every city in the world." He continued to read, and turned the pages until he came to a page where he saw printed, "Addresses of Christian Science Practitioners." "I wonder," he thought, "what they mean by practitioner. It must mean those who practice Christian Science, but I should think every Christian Scientist would practice what he knows. I wonder if there are any in Mapelton. Yes, there are three of them here.

'I wonder if all practitioners are women. No, here is Mr. Sherman Bradford; here is another man. Oh, yes, there are a good many men, but there are more women than men. I know all three of these practitioners: Mrs. White — her husband used to keep a shoe store. And Mrs. Milton Powers is that lovely lady who lives in a beautiful,

large mansion in Upland Court, the finest street in town; her husband is a retired merchant. And Mrs. Everett Bowlton is that tall, stately looking lady that passes by our house so often. I must have a talk with them some time. Now I must hurry home, or mother will think something has happened."

Arriving home, he told his mother that he had stopped at the depot, and that this was the reason for his delay.

Walter was now so well and strong that his parents did not worry much about him, but he and his father were quite alarmed at Mrs. Williams's condition, for she had been failing rapidly for the last month and was so weak that it was almost impossible for her to do her accustomed work. They did all they could to help her and thus made her work as light as possible.

Several days later, Mrs. Williams felt so ill that she could not get up at all, and so Walter decided to go to one of the practitioners for advice, which he did that same afternoon.

He told the practitioner of his illness and of his finding "Science and Health," and that the read-

ing and study of the book had cured him; also that his mother was sick, that he was a minister's son, and that his father was very much opposed to Christian Science. He also told her of their Bible lessons and of the confusion of his father.

The practitioner told him that the word 'practitioner' was used instead of doctor or healer, and that this was her profession, healing the sick, and that she would be pleased to help him all she could, but that she had no right to treat his mother without her consent.

Walter assured her that it would be impossible to get either his father's or mother's consent, for they refused to have him treated at one time when a friend had suggested it.

The practitioner then said: "Well, Mr. Williams, your work is before you. Truth has found you, and Truth will show you a way out of your seeming trouble. Trust God and never doubt His wisdom; for God, good, 'works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.' Have faith that the right will be demonstrated, and that nothing can hinder it, and if you can persuade

your father to have a talk with me, let me know, and I will be pleased to come."

Thanking the practitioner for her advice, Walter left the house and started home. He was not fully satisfied with his visit. Many of the questions that he had asked the practitioner remained unanswered as he supposed; for the practitioner always referred him to "Science and Health." In answer to one of his most important questions, she said: "'Science and Health,' page so-and-so, says, —" and then she quoted something from the book, but he could see no connection between his question and the quotation. When he arrived home, he decided to tell his father all and try to persuade him to have his mother treated by a Christian Science practitioner.

CHAPTER X

HUMANITY'S MISTAKE

The same evening, Walter went into the library to see his father, and found him seated at his desk with the Bible open before him. As Walter seated himself near the desk, his father looked up and asked, "What is it, Walter?"

"I came to have a little talk with you, father."

"I am glad you did, as there are several questions I want to ask you, one of which is in regard to that saying of Jesus Christ: 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' You explained it before, but I did not catch your meaning."

"Let us use an illustration to show what is meant by that saying. Suppose we had been taught from childhood that two times two are five, and every person on earth believed this to be right. Then we should all go through life making this mistake. There would be constant trouble in mathematics all over the world because

of it; and when we tried to rectify this trouble, we should use this same mistake in trying to arrive at a true answer. At times we should deceive ourselves and believe we were right, only to find later on that we were in deeper trouble. And when we had children of our own, we should still teach them the same as we were taught, that two times two are five; and the longer the world stood, the greater would become this mistake, as no one would know the truth that two times two are four. Yet all this time the eternal truth of mathematics existed, though men had no correct understanding of it. Now, father, imagine how great and widespread this mistake would become in several thousands of years, and how hard it would be to convince the people of their mistake, especially the professors of mathematics who had spent their lives trying to prove that this mistake was the truth. You can readily see that it would be much easier for the child who had never learned or believed the mistake to grasp the truth than for the professor who believed that the mistake was truth. Suppose that, while these conditions existed, some one should discover the truth, that

two times two are four, and should bring it before the world; would not the learned professors ridicule the idea and say that two times two have been five since the beginning of the world, and that for any one to say differently is nonsense? Could you induce them to investigate? No. And why? Because they are satisfied that they know the truth and look upon it as a waste of time to investigate what to them is all nonsense. So it is with humanity. For thousands of years we have been taught that man is both spiritual and material, and that the body is intelligent, and knows when it has a toe that aches or a stomach that is out of order, or an arm that it cannot move, and so on through all the ills that flesh is heir to. And when people get in trouble through this mistaken teaching, we try to correct the trouble by making the same mistake again; for it was through the belief that man has a material body and that matter is intelligent that all this trouble came about, and now we try to correct the trouble by using more matter in the guise of medicine. If we insisted that the professor of mathematics, who was using the supposition that two times two

are five, in his work, should give us a correct answer every time, he would be compelled to say that it was an impossibility. If you were to ask why, he would say, 'Because there is no absolute and invariable law of mathematics.' He could not say otherwise, as he would not know that a mistake had been made in teaching him that two times two are five. So it is with people. When they get so deeply in trouble that they cannot see any way out, they lay the trouble to God and declare that the truth is unknowable, when in fact the mistake is not with divine Principle, but with their own false belief, brought about by their being taught a mistake."

Walter stopped and looked at his father, but his father said nothing, and so he continued: "When people go to the professor of Christianity, the minister, and ask why trouble and sickness have come upon them, the answer is like that of the professor of mathematics, he says, 'It must be the will of God,' thereby intimating that God was the author of their troubles, in other words, that the Principle of man is not perfect, instead of showing them that God, who is all good, could

not make evil, and that, consequently, they must be suffering through a false belief brought about by being taught a mistake. Now let us suppose that^e some person should discover that man is spiritual and has a spiritual body, that the entire universe is spiritual, and that matter has no existence except as a false belief; that God made everything good, consequently that evil is not of Him, not real, and that it exists only in belief. If the one who discovered this truth should try to convince the professor of Christianity, the minister, that God made only the good and that evil does not exist, the minister would say: 'Thou blasphemest. God made everything.' If he should advance the thought that man is wholly spiritual, the minister would ridicule him, and say: 'You must be mistaken. My body is material; I can feel it. And every man's body has been so since the beginning of the world.' If the discoverer insisted that all real being is spiritual, these learned ministers would be tempted to say that the discoverer was insane, and then try to pass laws prohibiting the teaching of this truth. In olden times they did somewhat differently. The learned professors of

religion of that day crucified the demonstrator of this truth. It was Jesus Christ, and his students were called his disciples. Later, when they went forth to preach the gospel ('good spell' or truth), and heal the sick, they were called apostles. The rediscoverer of this truth at the present time is Mrs. Eddy, and her students are called Christian Scientists; and when they go forth to preach the Gospel, the truth, and heal the sick, they are called Christian Science practitioners. He who condemns the teaching condemns the demonstrable truth, as did the scribes and Pharisees who condemned the teachings of Jesus Christ; and it is the understanding of this that sets us free, as Jesus Christ said it would."

For several minutes the pastor did nothing but lean back in his chair and stare at his son. Then he said: "Walter, do you mean to tell me that you received all this information pertaining to the Bible from a Christian Scientist?"

"No, father, what I know of the Bible, and the explanations I have been able to make regarding the sayings of Jesus Christ, together with what I have said about the real meaning of creation as

narrated in Genesis, I have learned by careful study of the Christian Science text-book, 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures,' written by Mrs. Eddy; and by comparing the teachings of this book with the Bible, I have become fully convinced that Christian Science is the truth that Jesus Christ taught his disciples. He said: 'These signs shall follow them that believe; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover,' etc. Christian Science practitioners are doing this, and the signs spoken of by Jesus Christ follow their work. As yet I have only learned a few of the simplest things pertaining to this Science, but this little has helped me much."

"But, Walter, how do we know that it is not the work of the evil one, a trick of the devil, to lead you astray? I am very much afraid that you did wrong in not asking me about this teaching before you filled your mind so full of it."

"Father, you surely must agree that the things I have explained to you regarding the Bible are true, or at least nearer right than the way you were taught; and if you will only study 'Science and Health' you will soon agree with me."

"Walter, I have had enough of this. You have heard me express my views regarding this heretical idea; now I must insist that you stop reading such nonsense at once. I will admit that some of your statements seemed very plausible, but there is no proof that they are true."

"Father, I must speak more on this subject, even though you accuse me of disobedience. I have ample proof that Christian Science is true, and that the signs do follow its teachings. One proof is that it was through the understanding I gained from the study of 'Science and Health' that I am well to-day."

"Oh, pshaw! The idea that reading a book could have healed you of consumption! I credited you with more intelligence than that."

"It was not the reading of the book that healed me; it is the understanding of the spiritual truth which this book teaches that has healed me of all my troubles; and if I had not found and studied this book I would probably not be with you now."

"Did you say you found this book?"

"Yes, on Thanksgiving day, between the church and our home. At first I was afraid to read it,

and probably would not have read it if it had not been for an incident that happened on our last trip to the South."

"What incident was that? I don't believe I heard anything about it."

"One day, as mother and I were walking along the street, a lady approached us, and we overheard her make the remark that she read 'Science and Health' every day, and that the reading of the book had healed her of some severe disease. This lady did not look like a bad person; so I thought that if the book had healed her, it might heal me, and the truth it teaches has done so."

"You have certainly gained a great deal in health since Thanksgiving day, but may not this be the work of the devil to lead you astray?"

"Father, do you think it a good thing that I am well?"

"What a question! Why, certainly I do."

"Did you ever hear of the devil doing a good thing?"

The pastor looked surprised, but answered, "No."

"Then why do you say that my getting well may be a work of the devil?"

The pastor made no answer, but after a moment he said: "As I have already told you, I don't want anything to do with Christian Science, be it good or bad, and it will please me if you will never mention it to me again."

"Oh, father, I must speak of it to you, for —"

"Silence! I will hear no more of it."

"But father, listen to —"

"Walter, I forbid you to speak to me on the subject again."

"Father, I must speak!"

"Do you dare disobey me?"

"Yes! for my mother's life depends upon my speaking. Let me speak this once on this subject, and I will agree never to mention Christian Science to you again unless you wish it."

The pastor's anger had been rising, but when Walter said that his mother's life depended on his speaking, the color left his face, and his anger vanished at once. He looked at Walter's earnest face, and said, "Speak this once, I will hear you."

"Father, it was through the reading of 'Science

and Health' that I was healed of the dread disease that is even now threatening the life of my mother; and as soon as I was convinced of the truth of this teaching I called upon a practitioner, asked her for advice regarding mother's illness and asked her to give mother treatment. I did this without your consent, as I knew how prejudiced you both are regarding this subject; but the practitioner told me kindly that she would not treat mother without her consent. I knew that mother would never consent to take treatment if you were opposed to it, so I felt I must gain your consent first. The practitioner would be pleased to come and talk with you on this subject at any time."

"No doubt of it, but I will have nothing to do with Christian Science."

"Oh, father, don't say that; you must be even more prejudiced than I thought."

"Yes, I am prejudiced against all such nonsense."

"Father, will nothing change your views?" said Walter, rather coldly.

"No, nothing."

"Then, father, I shall be compelled to ascribe the death of my mother to your unreasoning prejudice, for while the physicians cannot cure her, I am sure that Christian Science can." As Walter finished speaking, he arose from his chair and left the room. He immediately proceeded to his own bed-chamber, feeling that he must be alone, for he was terribly hurt by his father's bitter condemnation of that which he admitted he had never investigated.

Walter had always supposed that his father was very broad-minded; but in this instance he thought him very narrow. He had condemned something he knew nothing about, and would not consent to investigate Christian Science even though his own wife's life might be saved thereby.

It was at least a half-hour before Walter could calm himself enough to think clearly. Then like a flash he remembered one of the sayings of the practitioner when he had told her that he thought he would have trouble in persuading his father to try Christian Science. She said, "Truth has found you and Truth will lead you out of your trouble." Bowing his head he said meekly: "Oh,

God, I had forgotten that Thou art an ever-present help in time of trouble."

Turning to his "Science and Health," he became absorbed in its pages. Suddenly his eyes brightened and he began to read aloud, "good cannot result in evil" (p. 277). "Of course not"; he thought, "God is good, and good could not make evil. Then evil does not exist, for God made everything that was made, and prejudice has, therefore, neither place nor power. It must be what the author of 'Science and Health' calls 'error,' and when the truth is realized concerning any error, that error ceases to appear; for an error can only appear to exist as long as we believe the error to be the truth. When we discover the truth respecting a lie, the lie is gone, for truth has taken its place; the truth is there all the time, but we cannot see the truth because we believe the lie. I see this clearly now. Prejudice can not exist in the realm of Truth. It seems real just as my sickness seemed real until I realized that God never made it, then I had to prove the truth for myself. As rapidly as the truth regarding the falsity of sickness is apprehended

in Science, sickness disappears and health appears. I see now what the practitioner meant when she said that my work was before me. I shall have to make a 'demonstration,' as it is called in that Christian Science Journal. It is easy enough for me to say that evil does not exist and to believe that God never made it, and this is a step in the right direction; but I must be able to prove its non-existence. I must not only understand the nothingness of all evil, including prejudice, but I must realize the ever-presence of good; for if God, good, is ever present, prejudice, or evil, is never present.

It was nearly midnight before Walter laid aside his books. He was no longer afraid that his mother would call in to see him, as she had been unable to leave her bed for several days, and his father had been compelled to hire a servant to do the housework.

Mr. Williams did not retire until long after midnight. He also had a problem to solve. When Walter quitted the room, the pastor at first thought of calling him back and giving him a severe reprimand; but as he thought of all the

misery the boy had been through during these many years of sickness, he decided not to do it. He then began to meditate upon all that Walter had said while they were studying the Bible lessons.

"I cannot help admitting," he thought, "that a great many things he said seemed nonsense at first, but after a careful search of the Bible, I found them fully substantiated. Some of his explanations are very clear. To think that he got his information out of 'Science and Health,' which nearly all clergymen and college professors have been ridiculing for the last thirty-five or forty years! Is there really something to Christian Science? Of course not! If there were, all these learned men who have investigated it would not denounce it as they do. But it may be that, like me, they have been so prejudiced that they have denounced it without investigating. I even preached a sermon opposing it, simply because some one else said that it is heretical, and very likely this person never investigated it any more than I did, but denounced it because some one spoke ill of it to him. Now that I think of it, it

was not a very Christ-like act to preach a sermon condemning something I had never looked into. Maybe that is what is the matter with us all. It is the same as sentencing a man without a hearing. I believe I will investigate this thing a little. I will go over and have a talk with my friend Jones. He is considered to be a very well-educated and broad-minded man. Perhaps Walter was right when he accused me of being unreasonable. It certainly cannot do any harm to investigate. If there is nothing in it, I can tell the boy so, and if there is anything in it, it would be wrong not to try it for my wife's illness. Let me see, what did Walter say about its not being the work of the devil? He said the devil, or evil, could not or would not do good. This seems reasonable, and it surely would be doing good to heal any one of sickness. The Bible says that Jesus Christ went about doing good, and this good that is spoken of was healing the sick and preaching the gospel. Yes, I will see Mr. Jones to-morrow morning and have a long talk with him on this subject."

CHAPTER XI

FALSE INVESTIGATION

The next morning about 9 o'clock, Mr. Williams put on his coat and hat and said: "Walter, I am going out calling and shall probably be gone until luncheon time."

Ten minutes later he was seated in an easy-chair in Parson Jones's study. After a few commonplace remarks, he said: "Mr. Jones, I came over to ask your advice concerning something about which I do not seem able to satisfy myself."

Parson Jones was a short, fleshy man, with red hair and ruddy face. He was noted for being a well-educated and well-read man, also for being very short and sharp in his speech, speaking always directly to the point. "Well, what is it?" said he.

"I came to ask you if you know anything about this new cult called Christian Science?"

"Nothing to it at all."

"My boy, Walter, claims to have been healed by reading the text-book, 'Science and Health.'"

"A book full of rubbish, heresy, and nonsense."

"The boy is well now, and you know that, until recently, he has always been sick since he was a child."

"Reading that book did n't heal him."

"Still, he claims it did. He stopped taking medicine, began reading the book, and soon we saw that he was improving."

"Rest assured, it was n't the book."

"He does not claim it was the book, but the truth which the book teaches that did the work."

"Nonsense! there is no truth in the book."

"How, then, can we account for his getting well?"

"Probably the after-effect of the medicine, or else he only believed himself sick."

"That is just what he claims, that he was only sick in belief and not in reality."

"Just as I thought," said Mr. Jones.

"What do you mean, Mr. Jones?"

"He is another of those simple-minded fellows who believed they were sick, and now claim that reading that book cured them," said Mr. Jones.

"But I employed the best physicians and

specialists, and they all agreed that he had hereditary consumption and was incurable."

"Most of these physicians are numb-skulls and quacks."

"Do you call Professor Charles William Canterbury, of the University of Canterbury, a numb-skull or quack?"

"Eh! No, of course, not."

"He examined him thoroughly about a year ago and agreed with the diagnosis of the other physicians. Furthermore, he told me that the boy could not live more than a year, and it was about that time that he began to fail very rapidly," said Mr. Williams.

"When did he begin to mend?"

"It was at the time when he was failing rapidly that he found a copy of 'Science and Health' on the street, and he claims that as soon as he began reading the book he began to get better."

"This must be the work of the devil. It never was the book. You had better be careful, Mr. Williams," said the Rev. Jones, with a startled look.

"So I told the boy, and he asked me a question which I would like to ask you."

"What is it?"

"Do you consider it good that my boy is well?"

"Why, certainly."

"Did you ever hear of the devil doing good?"

"No," said Mr. Jones, with a shake of his head.

"Then how can you say that his getting well is the work of the devil, who never does anything good?"

Parson Jones sat back in his chair with a jerk.

"Mr. Williams, do you intend to defend this heretical cult?"

"Certainly not. I merely gave you the answer my boy gave me."

"A very bright answer, when you think of it," said Mr. Jones, rather stiffly.

"Especially so, coming from one of those simple-minded fellows who only believed that they were sick and then claimed that this book healed them."

It had nettled Mr. Williams a little to hear his son called simple-minded, after the boy had shown a knowledge of the deep things of the Bible which surpassed his own.

"Well, all I've got to say is that there is nothing

in Christian Science," said Mr. Jones, with a bored look on his face.

"Mr. Jones, I did not come here out of idle curiosity. You know that my wife has been sick for years with tuberculosis, and has been gradually failing, so that at the present time she is confined to her bed, and our family physician does n't think she will ever get well. My son claims that Christian Science has cured him and that it will cure his mother if I will consent to try it. I told him that I would not, and he said that forever hereafter, he would blame my unreasonable prejudice for his mother's death, and knowing you to be a very well-read man, I came to you for advice."

"I have given you my opinion of it."

"On what do you base your opinion?"

"On what I have heard and read about it."

"Did you ever investigate it thoroughly, Mr. Jones?"

"Thoroughly enough to convince myself of the fallacy of its teachings."

"Did you ever talk with one of those practitioners?"

"No. They are a lot of foolish women who know no more than the author of 'Science and Health,'" said Mr. Jones, with a contemptuous toss of his head.

"Did you ever read the book, which they call their text-book, 'Science and Health'?"

"No, my time is too valuable to waste it on reading nonsense."

"How do you know that it is nonsense?"

"I have heard enough of what it contains."

"Can you quote something, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, here are some of the things printed in that book: 'There is no death. You have no material body. Your stomach cannot ache. There is no matter. Brains cannot think. There is no sickness. There is no sin. There is no evil. All is good, good is God, God is Mind, Mind is God, God is all.'" He stopped and looked at Mr. Williams, then added, "All what? I should like to know?"

"Are you sure that the book contains these statements?"

"Certainly, I have it from a man who bought one of the books."

"If the book contains such assertions, it certainly must be nonsense."

"Nonsense. I should say so! No one but a demented person would write such stuff."

"I am glad that I came to see you about this matter, as I hardly knew what to say to Walter in reply to his accusations about my being prejudiced."

"Oh, it's always well to investigate a new thing of this kind before you condemn it; at least, that is what I did."

"But you say you never read the book yourself?"

"No, I never saw the book myself, but my friend, Dr. Thompson, has one."

"Do you know whether he has read it carefully?"

"No. He never read it through. He intended to, but when he saw such assertions as I quoted to you, he could see that there was nothing in it."

"Why, certainly, of course. You must excuse me, Mr. Jones, for acting carefully in this matter, because of the condition of my wife."

"I would do the same if I were in your place, but you can rest assured, there is nothing in it."

"I suppose not, yet I wish there was, for my wife's sake."

"You would n't dare use it if there was; they would cast you from your church."

"But no one need know it, Mr. Jones."

"Do you think one of those female practitioners could keep such a good thing? They would be pleased beyond measure to be employed by a minister, and would scatter the news to the four winds of heaven."

"I had n't thought of that. Thank you, Mr. Jones, for pointing out to me the danger of employing one of those Christian Scientists. I also thank you for showing me the nonsense of thinking that Christian Science could cure my wife of something that the best physicians pronounce incurable. I must be going now, as I wish to talk it all over with my son. Good day, Mr. Jones."

"Good bye, Mr. Williams. Call again."

"I shall be pleased to."

The pastor wended his way home, well satisfied with himself. And he was congratulating himself that he had been wise enough to consult with a deep-thinking man like Rev. Mr. Jones, before

employing a practitioner; for that practitioner would have delighted in telling it to every person in his parish, and this would have resulted in the loss of his position. He felt that he had had a narrow escape from a great trouble.

As soon as he arrived home, he called Walter to the library and told him of his visit to Mr. Jones, and also what Mr. Jones had said regarding Christian Science.

Walter was somewhat surprised at the news, but after a moment he said: "You say that you have investigated Christian Science?"

"Yes, Walter, I have; you see, I was not as prejudiced as you thought. I talked for an hour with Mr. Jones, and he convinced me that it was nothing but a lot of rubbish and nonsense."

"What does Mr. Jones know about it?"

"Why, Walter, Mr. Jones is considered the best educated man in our city."

"Best educated in what?"

"In everything in general."

"Did Mr. Jones ever study Christian Science under a qualified Christian Science teacher?"

"No, I think not."

"Did he ever study 'Science and Health,' the text-book of this science?"

"No, he considered it a waste of time."

"Did he ever read 'Science and Health'?"

"No."

"Did he ever see the book?"

"He said not."

"Then he certainly must be a very bright man to know what Christian Science is. For a man that can know all about a science of any kind without taking instruction, without studying, without reading, without seeing the text-book of that science, is certainly a remarkably wise man."

"But, Walter, he got his information in a different way."

"How was that, father?"

"His friend, Dr. Thompson, bought a copy of 'Science and Health,' and told him all about it."

"Was Dr. Thompson ever taught Christian Science?"

"No, I guess not."

"Did he ever study or read 'Science and Health'?"

"He intended to read it, but when he saw such ridiculous assertions in it, he considered it folly to read it," said the pastor.

"Another one of those wise men who know all about a science without instruction, study, or reading."

"What do you mean, Walter?"

"Father, if Dr. Thompson had told you that he knew all about medicine by simply glancing into a medical book, would you believe him?"

"Certainly not."

"And if he had found therein some passages that he did not understand, would you think it strange?" said Walter.

"No."

"And if he should tell you that those passages which he did not understand were rubbish and nonsense, would you consider him a good authority?"

"No."

"Then, why should you believe him in regard to Christian Science, when he confesses that he never studied or read the text-book of this science?"

"But everybody says that there is nothing to Christian Science," said the pastor.

"So did everybody say that the earth was flat until it was proven round," replied Walter.

"That 's the point exactly. None of our learned men have been able to prove that the claims of Christian Science are true," said the pastor quickly.

"That is because they do not go to those who can furnish the proof."

"Who can prove it, Walter?"

"Many thousands of those who have been healed, and ' Christian Science practitioners in particular."

"Parson Jones said that they are a lot of foolish women."

"Does that make them so?" asked the boy.

"No; yet he ought to know what he is talking about."

"Did Parson Jones ever have a talk with one of these foolish women as, he calls them?"

"No, I don't think he did, but he says that he has investigated this cult sufficiently to know that there is nothing in it," said the pastor, rather quietly.

"I suppose, father, he gave it what you call an impartial investigation, and probably went about it in the same way that you did. You went to a man for advice on a subject which he had never studied, and who was so prejudiced that he would not take the time to prove whether it is right or wrong; yet he professed to know all about it, and advised you to let it alone. Now, father, if you wanted advice pertaining to a foreign country, would you go to a man who had never been there, and had n't even read about it, or would you go to some one who had lived there for many years?"

"I should certainly go to the man who had been there," said the pastor.

"Then when you want information regarding Christian Science, why don't you go to a Christian Scientist?" said his son.

The pastor was silent for a moment. Then he said: "I see what you mean, Walter; my going to see Mr. Jones about Christian Science is like going to a blacksmith for information pertaining to surgery. I guess you are right, and that I have been wrong. I will go to see a practitioner.

If there 's anything on earth that can help your mother I will let nothing stand in the way of its trial."

"Thank you, father! I will go now and see if this practitioner can come to see you."

"Who is this practitioner?"

"Mrs. White, who lives down on Grant Street; she promised to come any time that I ask her to."

When Walter mentioned Mrs. White, the pastor recalled what Parson Jones had said regarding these lady practitioners telling all his parishioners, and the possibility of his losing his position. This made him very much afraid, and he said:

"Wait a minute, Walter; let us talk this matter over a little before you go. Had you thought of the position it would place me in to have a Christian Science practitioner coming to our home every day? Most likely she would be delighted to tell all her friends that the Rev. Mr. Williams, of the Park Row Church, had been compelled to call her in to treat his wife."

"No, father, I do not think she would say a word about it."

"But some of my parishioners might see her

coming here every day, and then I would be in danger of losing my position."

"Father, would you let your position stand in the way of saving mother's life?"

The pastor did not answer at once, but was thinking deeply. At length, he looked up, and said: "Walter, your persistence has won the day. I will at least have a talk with this practitioner; you may tell her to come this evening if she will and I will talk with her."

"Father, you have made me very happy. I know you will change your opinion of this practitioner after a few minutes' talk with her, and I feel confident that, through her, mother will be made well."

"I pray God that it may be as you say."

A few minutes later, Walter was on his way to the practitioner's. In due time he was back and told his father that she had promised to come that evening at half past seven.

CHAPTER XII

A FAIR INVESTIGATION

Promptly at half past seven, the doorbell rang, and Walter went to the door to welcome the practitioner. He showed her into the parlor and called his father. After a formal introduction, Mr. Williams asked both the practitioner and Walter into the library, the pastor being afraid that he might have some callers who would know the practitioner.

After they were comfortably seated, the pastor said: "Mrs. White, I think it only fair to you to state that I have always been very much prejudiced against Christian Science and would not now have consented to have an interview with you if it had not been for the persistence of my son."

"Mr. Williams," said the lady, "I do not believe that you could be any more prejudiced than I was. I only consented to try it after every other means had failed to cure me, and, as I was not

made well after one week's treatment, I became skeptical, and wanted to stop taking treatment. But my husband said, 'Let us give it a fair trial, as there is nothing else for you.' The fact is, that very many are prejudiced against Christian Science, and yet few of those who are prejudiced can give you a reasonable answer why they are, and as a rule they know little or nothing about it. It does not seem strange to me to find you in this frame of mind."

"I suppose my son has told you that he found a copy of 'Science and Health' and that he believes that the reading of it has cured him."

"Yes, he told me about it, but you make a mistake when you say that he believes that reading the book cured him; he does n't believe it, he knows it."

"Why do you say that he knows it, Mrs. White?"

"Because he has had a personal experience of the healing and uplifting power of the truth taught by Christ Jesus and restated in 'Science and Health.' These are the 'signs following,' spoken of by the Master."

"Excuse me, Mrs. White, but I don't seem to

catch your meaning; what signs follow the reading of 'Science and Health'?"

"Simply reading 'Science and Health' will not help us, although it is a step in the right direction. It is when we understand the truth explained therein that the signs follow. Jesus Christ said: 'These signs shall follow them that believe: if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' If we use the word 'understand,' instead of 'believe,' we get a clearer view of what Christ meant, — 'These signs shall follow them that *understand*.' The truth which Jesus Christ taught is expounded in this book and hence the understanding of it is followed by the same signs."

"But I am not willing as yet to concede that this book does contain the truth which Jesus taught," said the pastor.

"Mr. Williams, when you were attending school, suppose that the teacher had given you a mathematical problem to solve, and had said: 'You will find the rule by which this example can be worked on page 105, and the correct answer is 18.' You

would have looked up the rule and started to work the example. When you were done, if the answer you got was 18, you would know at once that you understood the rule, and had applied it correctly. Thereafter you would not merely believe that you knew the rule, but you would know that you understood it. So it is with the truth. Take your son's case, for instance; he found a copy of 'Science and Health,' and began to read and study it. In it is printed the rule of health. After a little study he understood this rule. He then applied it correctly and got the answer, *health*, and this is sufficient proof to him that the scientific method of healing the sick as Jesus Christ healed them is taught in this book, and no amount of argument to the contrary can ever convince him that it is not true, any more than it would have been possible to convince you that you did not understand the rule by which you solved your mathematical problem after you had secured the correct answer. Correct answers are the 'signs following,' or proofs of understanding, of any science."

"Then it is not God who does the healing, but

the correct application of a rule," said the pastor, quickly.

"Oh, yes, it is God who heals the sick. For instance, when you were working the problem mentioned above, you found the rule on the page indicated by the teacher, but the rule did not solve your problem, neither did the mere application of the rule do it; it was your intelligence or mind, which directed the correct application of the rule that solved the problem. The rule could not do anything without intelligence to direct its application. Thus it is also with the rule of health. It is taught in 'Science and Health,' but to be benefitted thereby it must be correctly applied by intelligence."

"But this statement contradicts your first statement."

"In what way, Mr. Williams?"

"In the first instance, you said that it is God who does the healing, and now you say that it is the intelligence or mind of man."

"Mr. Williams, do you believe God is all intelligence?"

"Yes, certainly."

“Then He must be the intelligence of man, or his Mind, otherwise God would not be all intelligence.”

The pastor made no answer. He was absorbed with his own thoughts. Mrs. White waited a few moments, then continued: “What I have said in regard to applying the rule is in full accord with the teachings of Jesus Christ, wherein He demonstrated the necessity of our working out our own salvation.”

“Mrs. White, you say that God is the intelligence of man, or his Mind.”

“Yes, for God is *all* intelligence.”

“You also say that God is good only.”

“Yes, God is *all* good.”

“Then according to this theory that God is all intelligence, you must admit that He is also the bad or evil intelligence found in some men, and if this be true, you could hardly claim that He is all good, for one statement would contradict the other,” slowly said the pastor.

“You have made a mistake in your reasoning, Mr. Williams. A bad intelligence, so-called, is not intelligence, but a lack of intelligence, or non-intelligence; in other words, ignorance; and ig-

norance has no place in the realm of intelligence, for ignorance is evil, and intelligence is good," said the practitioner.

"Your explanation sounds very reasonable, but I am not yet able to agree with you; it may be because I do not fully understand," answered the pastor.

"I do not think it possible for a man to fully comprehend any science in a few moments, and this science is the Science of sciences."

"Am I to understand that evil and ignorance have no place in God's universe; in other words, are not real?" asked the pastor.

"Yes, the good alone is real. It is only through ignorance of the truth that evil seems real or has place or power."

"But we see evil all about us," said the pastor.

"This seems so, but it is only a misapprehension of that which is true, spiritual being. Evil is not real, it has no entity or principle: God, good, never made it," said the practitioner.

"But if it is not real, and God did not make it, where did it come from?" asked the pastor.

Mrs. White's face broadened into a smile, and

then she said: "Mr. Williams, I think I will tell you a little story that I wrote to one of my patients who was suffering from what she called indigestion. She insisted that evil was real, and offered the evidence of her indigestion as proof thereof. This little story came to me as I was thinking of her case. Like most parables, it comes far short of expressing the scientific truth, and hence it must not be pressed too far, but it may aid you by way of suggestion.

CHAPTER XIII

THE UNREALITY OF EVIL

“Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a great and good king, who lived in a country where everything was good. He had thousands of subjects under him, and these subjects were all good. This was because the king was good and the people strove to be like him. But one day one of his people imagined that she saw an evil thing, or devil, and became greatly alarmed thereat. She hurried home and told her husband what she had seen, and he believed her story about this evil, or devil, which never had any existence, except in the imagination of this woman. Because of her great fear, this woman kept thinking of the supposed evil constantly, until at last it seemed exceedingly real to her, and after a time she imagined that this evil, or devil, had entered her body and was stopping her stomach from digesting food. She told this to her husband, and he became afraid and told his friends that an evil, or devil had

entered the body of his wife. His friends began to talk about this evil, or devil, wondering what it might be. At length, after discussing it for some time, they decided they did n't know what this evil was, but that it ought to be given a name, so they called it indigestion, because it had stopped the woman's stomach from digesting her food. In this way this belief came to seem real enough to have a name. After the people had given this evil, or devil, a name, they all began to make suggestions as to how it were best to get rid of him. One suggested that a plate be made hot and applied to the stomach. This, he thought, would make it so uncomfortable for the devil that he would leave. Another suggested that the woman take a strong dose of peppermint and burn the devil. Another suggested that they manipulate the stomach, that they pull and haul and pound it, hoping in this way to kill him. Another said, 'let us attach an electric battery and shock the devil.' Another said that he believed that devils have an aversion for blue lights, and thought that if they would let a blue light shine on him, he would leave. Another said: 'Give the woman a bath of mud, let

her be covered all over with soft mud, and this will smother the devil.' Still another suggested that the woman be sent away from home to another climate, thinking that the devil might not like the change, and so might leave the woman. Hundreds of other suggestions were offered and tried but none of them availed to drive this devil out of the woman. And now after several thousands of years, the people of this kingdom are still offering advice to persons thus afflicted, but with no better success. The simple reason why all these things did not drive out this evil, or devil, is that in reality there wasn't any devil to drive out; it had no existence except as an illusion in the minds of those who entertained the false belief.

"About two thousand years ago, there lived a man who was intelligent enough to understand the nature of humanity's troubles. He said that God, or the creative Principle, is *good only*, and that evil is a lie, or delusion, that is, a false sense mentally entertained, and proved his words by his works. This enraged the wise men of his time very much, for they had been teaching the

people that evil was real, and that in many instances God sent evil upon his children to make them good. These wise men were sore afraid that the people would believe what this good man was teaching and so would reject their teaching. So they conspired together and had him crucified, and still continued their teaching, that evil is as real as good. About forty years ago, a woman, intelligent and good, came to understand the unreality of evil, and after a careful study of the life of him who was crucified, she became convinced that everything which he had said and taught regarding the unreality of evil was the truth. She has written a book explaining this great fact, and has said that if the people will study the Bible, and especially the sayings of Christ Jesus, with the aid of this book, they can prove for themselves that there are not any evils or devils. As in the time of the good man who was crucified, so, in her time, the wise men are teaching the people that evil is real, and are enraged with any statements to the contrary; and if it were now customary to crucify people, she might have to bear this penalty as did the martyrs of old. Since this book was writ-

ten, many thousands of people who believed that they had evils, or were possessed with devils, have, by reading and studying it, discovered that all of the evils, or devils, are but false beliefs, errors of thought, which have seemed real, because they were believed in and feared. This woman teaches that the *only* way to get rid of these false beliefs, is to awaken to the truth of being as taught by Christ Jesus. We shall then discover the nothingness of these evils, or devils, and not only the fear of them, but the devils themselves, with the ills they have caused, will be cast out. It is only our ignorance of the truth, coupled with our fear, that makes error seem real.

“My story of the woman might lead you to think that Christian Science teaches the fall of man, God’s image and likeness, but it must not be so understood. God’s man is unfallen and pure, since he is the continued manifestation of God. It is the human sense of being alone, the belief of both good and evil which becomes a prey to false beliefs.”

As Mrs. White finished her story, she looked at Walter, and from the way he nodded his head she

was sure that he had grasped the point of her story. Then, glancing at the pastor, she said: "Mr. Williams, does that answer your question, as to the unreality of evil?"

"Mrs. White," said the pastor, nervously, "that story answers my questions so fully that I have n't any foundation in my former belief to stand on, and as I have been preaching the reality of evil these many years, I am at a loss to know what to say or do."

"Do not be troubled about that, Mr. Williams. Every person is more or less confused when his old idols or ideas are destroyed, but fear not, for out of this destruction will rise a temple in which the true God is honored."

"But I am at a loss what to do. I have discovered the fact that I was mistaught in regard to the reality of evil, and now I fear that all the rest of my teachings may be at fault, and I cannot conscientiously preach what is false, as God knows that I would not knowingly mislead my fellow-men. I am afraid that I shall be compelled to give up my position at once, and I feel that I am not fitted to do anything else." He then

glanced at the practitioner and said: "Mrs. White, can you offer me any advice?"

"Yes, first of all, remember that there is room in God's kingdom for all His children. Then remember that your real source of supply is not your church, but God. Trust in Him fully, and your every need will be supplied. However, I would advise you not to give up your position on the spur of the moment. Take time to consider, study Christian Science and see if it is what you want. If it is, you can then send in your resignation. If not, no one need be the wiser about the matter."

"But I cannot conscientiously preach one thing and believe another."

"Then, Mr. Williams, I would suggest that you ask for a vacation for six months, as I understand, from what your son told me, that it has been a long time since you have taken one, and by the time six months have passed you will know what is best for you to do."

"Mrs. White, I should be pleased to take your advice, but I have n't enough money to carry me for six months without a salary."

"God is your supply; trust Him fully," said Mrs. White.

"Father, have no fear. God is all good, all Love, and I know that He will not see us come to want, if we only trust Him."

"Walter, my boy, I will take your advice and trust it all to God." Then, after a moment, he looked at Mrs. White and said: "Now, Mrs. White, let us talk of my dear wife's illness. I suppose that Walter told you that she has been suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs for many years. Do you think that she can be healed?"

"Mr. Williams, do you think that an all-powerful God can heal her? For it is not myself that does the healing, but God."

"Yes, I know that God can heal her if He will."

"Have you ever asked Him to?"

"Many hundreds of times have I asked, prayed, begged, and beseeched Him to do so."

"What did you expect to accomplish by your begging and beseeching?"

"I do not understand what you mean, Mrs. White."

"Did you think that you could influence a good and just God, by your begging and beseeching, to be more than good and just?"

"Oh, I did not wish to influence God," said the pastor.

"Then what did you expect to accomplish by begging and beseeching?"

As the pastor did not answer, Mrs. White continued:

"A good and just God could not be less than good and just, and if this be true, what could we expect to accomplish by begging and beseeching? Mr. Williams, the reason your prayers have not been answered is that you do not know how to pray aright; besides, you have been praying to a false god, an idol of your own making."

The pastor's back stiffened perceptibly, as he said: "Mrs. White, don't you think that your statements are a little presumptuous? You must remember, I am an ordained minister."

"Mr. Williams, don't think that I am criticising you personally. There are very few who have not made the same mistake. I am free to confess that I did not know how to pray aright until after I

had studied 'Science and Health.' If you will allow me, I will try to prove my assertions."

"Please proceed."

"Perhaps I cannot do better than to describe to you my own experience pertaining to God and prayer according to my former religious teachings and beliefs, and also try to show you how utterly useless and wrong these former efforts were."

"I think I was about nine years of age when my mother took me with her to visit a very large church; the walls of this church were very beautifully decorated with paintings, the one directly in front of the audience being especially large and striking. It represented a beautifully robed man sitting on a golden throne, which was resting on the clouds far up in the sky. This picture made quite an impression on me, and upon our arrival at our home, I asked my mother about it, and she very reverently told me that it was the picture of God on His judgment throne, judging the good and evil; and from that day until I learned differently in Christian Science, twenty-five years later, this supposed picture of God was distinctly recalled whenever I prayed.

"As I grew to womanhood, I did not sense the picture as in this church, but located the figure far up in the sky, the place where I supposed heaven to be; nevertheless, now that I have become aware of my folly, I am fully aware that I was praying to this picture as my God, and how often I entreated this false idol for help, during the many years of my illness; for I, like most others, came into Christian Science by being healed through its practice. It is needless for me to tell you why my prayers were not answered. Indeed, there was no true prayer in it. When we examine into the belief of those who think it necessary to beg or beseech God, our common sense at once tells us that it is the merest folly. Mr. Williams, does not your creed, as well as most others, teach that God is changeless good?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then think of the nonsense of begging and beseeching a changeless God to change His mind, just because of our importunity."

"Mrs. White, do you wish to intimate that we are not to pray at all?"

"No, I wish you to pray aright. Begging and

beseeking a just God to be more than just, is nonsense; and praying to a mental idol of your own making, is simple idolatry."

"It seems to me, Mrs. White, that you are assuming that I am praying to an idol or false god," said Mr. Williams.

Mrs. White smiled and answered, "I have not the least doubt but that you are, but please do not be offended at what I have said and let us examine into the matter further."

"Very well," answered the pastor rather curtly.

"Mr. Williams, when you pray, do you or do you not have a mental picture of your god in mind?"

"Generally I do."

"Will you please describe this mental picture?" asked Mrs. White.

"When I close my eyes in prayer, I usually see the spirit of God as though he were appearing through the clouds," said the pastor.

"Does this spirit of God, as you call it, have a human face?"

"Yes, Mrs. White, a face that is radiant with goodness and love."

"Mr. Williams, don't you see that this is a god of your own making, an imaginary creature of your own mind?"

"I don't quite understand," said the pastor, somewhat confused.

"When you close your eyes in prayer, you project in thought a man-like god, a creature of the imagination, to whom you pray. When your people close their eyes, they too, perhaps, have a similar mental picture before them, or else a void, and if you were to compare notes, you would find that no two persons have the same picture or idol. Are there then so many gods? If not, we might ask which one of the congregation has the right one? The fact is, most people pray to a god of their own making, a man-made god, which does not exist except in their own thought, and then they wonder why their prayers are not answered. Is not this true, Mr. Williams?"

"Yes, Mrs. White, but would you rob us of the best sense of God that we have?"

"Better no god at all than a false one," said Mrs. White.

"That may be true, Mrs. White, but you do not wish to intimate that there is no God?"

"No, assuredly not. Have I not told you that God heals the sick, that God is good, that God is Mind? If I have taken your false god from you, I have done a good work, for now you are ready to seek the true God. I recommend that you begin the study of the Bible as it is spiritually interpreted in 'Science and Health.' Thus I found who and what the true God is, and if you will read this book, in connection with the Bible, you will find that it will unlock the mysteries of revelation, and you will come into possession of a nobler, more spiritual, more inspiring, more helpful sense of the Supreme being."

"I shall certainly do as you suggest, Mrs. White; for I have determined to find the true God."

"Now, Mr. Williams, do you wish me to give your wife treatment?"

"Yes, I have determined to give Christian Science a fair trial."

"As it is getting rather late, I will not see your wife to-night, but will treat her absently as soon

as I get home. I would suggest that you tell her that I will see her to-morrow evening."

"But I have not asked her whether she is willing to take Science treatment," said the pastor.

"Father, that has all been arranged. I have asked her; all that mother desires is your sanction. Otherwise she would not take the treatment, and I had acquainted Mrs. White with the fact before she came."

"Dear, dear wife, loyal to my wishes to the very last. I have no doubt but that she would refuse to take these treatments without my consent even though she was reasonably sure that she would be benefited thereby. "Walter, I shall at once tell your mother of my decision, and, Mrs. White, you have my full consent; and my heart's one desire is, that you may succeed in getting the infinitely good God, of whom you seem so sure, to help you heal my wife, for this is my last and only remaining hope."

"When it should have been your first; yet that is the way with mortals. They try everything else first and God last. Nevertheless, God is ever ready to help man when man turns to Him, no

matter what has gone before," said the practitioner.

"Mrs. White, your words give me a new courage, yet my wife's case seems hopeless."

"Mr. Williams, why should you think it strange that a good and loving and all-powerful Father should be ever ready to help His children?"

"I know not, unless it is because He did not answer my prayers, and this may have weakened my faith," meekly said the pastor.

"But you did not pray to an all-good, loving, and all-powerful God, or you would surely have been answered; you were praying to a false god, even one of your own making."

"Yes, I felt that there was something wrong. I supposed that God did not wish or was not at liberty to help me; but you have shown me that the fault was not with God, but with myself."

"Well, Mr. Williams, I am glad that the light of truth is coming to your consciousness, and now I must be going. I have no special directions to give you regarding your wife except that I don't want you or Walter to tell a single person that she is receiving Christian Science treatment, and

you may rest assured that I shall not tell any one."

The pastor was very much relieved to hear Mrs. White say that she would not tell any one, and supposing that she did not wish to jeopardize his position as minister, he said: "I thank you very much, Mrs. White, for being so considerate of my position."

Mrs. White's answer rather surprised him. She said: "My dear sir, I had no thought whatever of your position; I was simply thinking of the welfare of your wife. Now good night, and you may expect me at the same hour to-morrow evening."

The pastor and his son bade her a hearty good night and returned to the library. As soon as they were alone again the pastor said: "Walter, what other reason excepting my position could Mrs. White have had in asking us to say nothing of the treatment?"

"Father, I do not fully understand why this is done, but I have heard that they request this in all cases. I think it is for the same reason that Jesus Christ told those whom he healed to go and tell no man."

The pastor looked at his son and said: "It may be for the same reason, although both requests are a mystery to me. At any rate, this disproves the assertion which Mr. Jones made in regard to these practitioners being pleased to tell their business to everybody. Why, any one could be healed by Christian Science and no one would be the wiser. I wonder if this does not account for the unexpected recovery of Mr. John Anderson. You remember, the paper stated that he was given up by the physicians, and that he could not live more than from twenty-four to thirty-six hours; then, to the surprise of everybody, he began to mend rapidly, and in six weeks no one would have thought that he ever had been sick a day in his life. He has been attending to his business, ever since, and every time I meet him he seems running over with happiness, and good health."

"Father, was n't he supposed to be suffering from a very severe case of Bright's disease?"

"Yes, he had a consultation of three of our best physicians, and they did pronounce it Bright's disease."

"If it really was Christian Science that healed him, I am sure it will heal mother."

"Yes, son, I think so, too. I believe I will ask Mr. Anderson what healed him, for if it was Christian Science, it will give me more confidence."

"Now please bring me this Science book that you found, I would like to see it."

"I will get it at once, father," said the delighted boy, for he felt sure that if his father ever started to read it, he would never leave it until he understood the great truth which the book reveals.

In a few moments he was back and handed the book to his father, who said: "Walter, I wish that you would tell your mother what has been done; then you had better retire, as I may read a while before I retire."

"All right, father. Good night."

"Good night, Walter," said the pastor, as he assumed an easy position in his large arm-chair.

Walter went to his mother's room, and, finding her awake, told her all about the visit of the practitioner, and some of the things she had said, and that she was coming the next evening. He then bade her a cheerful good night and

retired to his own room, a very happy and well satisfied boy.

His father continued reading until long after midnight, and as he closed the book he said to himself: "It truly is a wonderful book, but I cannot agree with all that it teaches, although this may be because I do not fully understand." He then wended his way to his wife's bedchamber, and finding her sleeping peacefully he murmured: "I must trust God fully, for no one else can help her."

CHAPTER XIV

THE DREAM

The next evening at the appointed hour, Mrs. White made her appearance, and after a few casual remarks, requested to be taken to Mrs. Williams. The pastor introduced her to his wife.

The practitioner, after explaining her purpose in calling, kindly requested the pastor to leave the room, as she wished to be alone with her patient.

As soon as the pastor had retired, Mrs. White turned to her patient and said in a voice full of affection and love: "Be not afraid, Mrs. Williams. God is an ever-present help in time of trouble, therefore, I bid you hope."

Some of the languid and discouraged look that had been on Mrs. Williams' face seemed to fade away as she said: "You bid me hope, when all of my acquaintances and my physicians have told me that my case is hopeless? Surely, you do not believe that I can be healed."

"Mrs. Williams, I not only believe, but I know

that you can be healed, for nothing is impossible to God, and from now on He is your physician. Do not think that it is I who am going to heal you, but our heavenly Father. 'He doeth the work.'"

"If I could only believe," said the sick woman, with eyes full of tears.

"Mrs. Williams, you can at least say what the man in the Bible said when Jesus asked him if he believed that his son could be healed; he said: 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' And this is what I am going to do; I am going to help your unbelief; that is, cast it out, and let Truth reign in your consciousness. To accomplish this you must be obedient; if you have any prejudice, cast it aside. The word prejudice means to prejudge, and very few people are wise enough to prejudge even the most simple things of life, and those who do are wrong more times than they are right."

"What you say is true, and I don't want to be prejudiced about anything, but there has been so much said against Christian Science and it has been ridiculed so severely that I find it hard to

have any faith in it; yet I am very willing to give it a trial."

"Mrs. Williams, what would you think of a judge or a jury that would convict a person solely on the evidence of witnesses who were opposed to the person on trial, when practically all of the testimony was of this type: 'I heard Mr. Smith say that he heard that the prisoner had done this or that'.— in other words, mere gossip. Would you consider this justice? Yet that is just the kind of trial that all prejudiced people give Christian Science. If Christian Scientists point to the great mass of evidence in favor of this Science, this evidence is ridiculed and denied, no matter how honest the persons may be who gave the testimony."

"Your contention is true, Mrs. White. I did prejudge or sentence Christian Science on the testimony of its enemies."

"I am glad to hear you admit this, as it shows me that one obstacle to your recovery has been removed, and that you will now give Christian Science an impartial hearing and a fair trial. And now before I give you treatment, I wish to set your

thoughts right about God. You may have thought that it is in accordance with God's will that you are suffering, or that He has put this thing upon you as a punishment for something you, or some one else has done. It is a terrible thing to accuse your Maker, a God whom Jesus defined as love, of an act which even our moral sense would pronounce unjust and wrong. No, Mrs. Williams, rest assured God never did such a thing. Let us see what the Bible says on this question. In the first place, it says that God made everything good; do you believe that?"

The sick woman nodded her head.

"Next, it says: 'And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was *very good*'; it further states that God made everything that is made; do you believe this also?"

"Yes."

"You have heard it said that Christian Science asserts that sin, disease, and death are not real, have n't you?" asked the practitioner.

"Yes."

"Now let us see if the assertion is true. You agree that God made everything that is made

and that it is good. Can you show me wherein this sickness of yours is in any way good? If not, then God did not make it; it cannot be real; and it does not exist."

"But, Mrs. White, I have suffered with it for years, and it certainly is real to me," said Mrs. Williams.

"Let me show you how unreal it is in truth and what is necessary to make it unreal to you. Suppose I were to lie down to take a little nap. In a few moments perhaps, I drop off, and begin to dream that I am getting ready to take a trip to Europe. I pack my trunk, telephone for the expressman, dress myself in my traveling suit, get into my carriage, and am driven to the depot. On the way down I see some of my friends. I bow to them, and when I reach the station I find my husband and sister there to bid me godspeed on my journey. My husband goes to inquire about the train. He comes back and tells us it is ready, and we walk down a pair of stairs and out into the train shed. My husband gets out my ticket, shows it to the porter, who examines it and shows us the right car. We enter, and find the num-

ber of my berth. My husband puts my traveling bag under the seat, and we all sit there talking for some time. We then hear the conductor's warning, 'All aboard.' My husband and sister both kiss me and hurriedly leave the car. A moment later I see them on the platform. I hear the bell on the engine ring, I feel the car move, and wave a last farewell to those on the platform as they pass from my sight. A little later I am out in the country. Then we dash through villages without stopping, and at length we arrive at New York. I take a carriage to be driven to the dock. On the way the horse becomes frightened, runs away, tips the carriage over, throws me under a street car, which runs over both my feet. The ambulance is called. I am taken to the hospital. The pain is almost unbearable. The physician examines my injuries and says he will be compelled to amputate both my feet. This seems so terrible to me that the shock wakes me up. For a few moments after I awake, I still feel the pain and lie there trembling with fright, the dream has been so real. Yet in truth I have never left the couch. It was all a

seeming and not real, and the only thing necessary to prove it to me was for somebody to awaken me. So, too, material sense experience is not real. It is of the nature of an illusion. Man and the universe are Spiritual, the immediate and continuous expression of God's creative activity, and we may be awakened out of this false sense dream by being made acquainted with the truth which is revealed through Christ. This means that we must come to understand the science of being; then our false sense regarding sin, disease, and death will prove to be no more real than was my trip to New York with its accompanying accident and pain."

"I see the force of your illustration, Mrs. White, but I am sure that I am not dreaming."

"But you are suffering from a false belief, a sense experience which is no more real than a dream. If it had been possible for some one to tell me while I was on my dream trip, that it was a dream, I would have denied it, because it seemed real to me. Thus this illusion seems so real to you, that you believe it to be real. The difference between my sleeping dream and your

waking dream is, that the false belief that material life with its attendant sin, sickness, and death is real, has been indulged in by nearly all mortals for so many centuries, that now these things are looked upon as facts and have become solid convictions with those who have not learned differently; but no matter how concrete our convictions may become relative to the reality of the unreal, this does not make it true. Said the Psalmist: 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness'; and so the Psalmist clearly implies that the present consciousness is not the true consciousness. St. John says: '*Now* are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear.' St. Paul wrote: 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead (the mesmerism of material belief), and Christ shall give thee light.' Let us deny that evil is real, that we may the more speedily wake up to the truth, or understanding, that it is not real. Now I will give you a treatment."

CHAPTER XV

TRUTH BEING MANIFESTED

The treatment over, Mrs. White said a few more cheerful words to her patient and then called the pastor into the room, saying to him that it would be well if he would read from "Science and Health" to his wife whenever he found time, which he promised to do.

A few minutes later, Mrs. White was on her way home, and the pastor and his family were more hopeful than they had been for some time. Walter and his father discussed with Mrs. Williams the happenings of the evening, and it was quite late before they all retired for the night.

Mrs. White came regularly every evening for about a week, and as her patient began slowly to mend, she came only every other evening. Mr. Williams and Walter read to Mrs. Williams every day, and by the end of the month she began to stay up several hours each day. She also became an eager student of "Science and Health." Many

were the pleasant evenings spent by them in discussing the subjects of which they were reading.

True to his word, the pastor had decided to trust in God for his supply, and had asked for a vacation, which was granted him. Near the end of the second week a letter came. In it was a check from a man to whom he had loaned some money a long time before. The letter stated that the writer had always intended to pay the debt, but that not until recently had his financial circumstances permitted him to do so. When the pastor saw it, he said, "Surely, this is in return for my trust in God, for I long ago reckoned this money as lost."

At the end of three months, Mrs. Williams was so far recovered that she was able to take care of her household duties, and the pastor's understanding of "Science and Health" had increased to such an extent that he felt sure that its teaching is in accord with that of Christ Jesus, but he was not yet ready to say that he would give up his position as pastor. Walter grasped the truth more rapidly than his father, and whenever he found him perplexed or doubtful he was

usually able to point the way. His mother was constantly gaining, both in health and in understanding, and when spring came she was entirely healed; and as the end of the pastor's six months' vacation drew near, he told his wife and son that he had determined to hand in his resignation and leave the ministry. They agreed with him that he could not consistently preach the old doctrines any longer; and he felt that, as his congregation was very well satisfied with the minister who was filling his place, there would be no serious objection to his withdrawal.

A few days later, he handed in his resignation. It was somewhat of a surprise to the officers, and they asked him to reconsider; but when he assured them that it was final, they in due time accepted it, and requested that he preach a farewell sermon. At first the pastor thought of declining, but he told them he would consider it for a few days.

That evening as they were all sitting in the library, he told his wife and son of their request, and said that he had not fully made up his mind what was best to do. At this point Walter said,

with a smile on his face: "Father, do you remember that, one evening when we were having our Bible lessons, you promised to preach a sermon on creation?"

"Yes, son, I remember."

"Why not preach that sermon as a farewell? I know that you can do so now with understanding."

The father looked at his son, smiled, and said: "Not a bad idea; what do you think of it, wife?"

"I think it would be grand and might be the means of showing some poor sufferer the truth. How thankful I am for this truth, and how I wish the whole world might know it."

"Then it is settled. I will tell them my decision in the morning"; which he did, also telling them on what subject he would preach.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FAREWELL SERMON

The appointed Sunday dawned clear and balmy, and by the time the services began the church was filled to its capacity. The new minister was in charge; and when it came time for the sermon, he announced that the Rev. Mr. Williams would preach his farewell sermon, and that the subject would be "Creation." The pastor arose from the chair he had been occupying and leisurely stepped to the pulpit. He slowly surveyed the audience, then began his sermon in a clear, full voice:

"My dearly beloved brethren, once again, after more than six months' absence, I stand before you, and for the last time, as your pastor. I have been in your midst for more than fifteen years, trying to point out to you, to the best of my ability, the way to salvation. In that time I have made many staunch friends — friends that have been true, friends that were friends in time

of storm as well as sunshine, friends that have stood the test of time, and that I hope will stand the test to the end of time, for a severe test of their love and friendship for me and mine is coming."

By this time every eye was fastened on him, and each individual ear was strained to catch his every word.

Mr. Williams now opened the Bible which he had carried to the pulpit with him and said:

"As has been announced, my subject this morning is, 'The Creation.' In explanation, I might say that, for a time before my vacation and since it commenced, I have been carefully studying the Bible relative to this subject, and I have come to realize that, during all the time I was studying for the ministry, and these many years that I have been an ordained minister, I have not rightly apprehended the truth regarding the creation of man and the universe. It was the discovery of this, and many other truths which I have since made, that compelled me to send in my resignation, and in my sermon to-day I shall endeavor to make plain my discovery. I say

'my discovery,' although it was not mine originally, but another's whose illumined spiritual sense is as far above mine as the blue vaults of heaven are above the earth. I will now read to you verses from the first and second chapters of Genesis. No doubt you are all more or less familiar with them. Genesis, chapter 1, verses 26, 27 and 31, read: *'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.'* *'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.'* *'And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.'* Chapter 2, verses 1, 6 and 7, read: *'Thus the heavens and earth were finished, and all the host of them.'* *'But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.'* *'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.'*"

As he finished the reading, he laid the Bible down and said: "I now wish to call your attention to chapter 1, verse 26. Therein it is stated that God made man in His image and likeness. Chapter 1, verse 27, reiterates this statement so as to more fully emphasize this great truth. We now come to the question, What is God? We all agree that God is Spirit. If this be true, then man must be spiritual and not material, else he would not be the image and likeness of God, Spirit. In chapter 1, verse 31, we read that '*God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good.*' Now I want to ask, Are sin, disease, trouble, affliction, and death good? It has been said that under certain conditions sickness might be good. I also thought this at one time; but in no way can we conceive of sin as being good, and hence God never made it, neither did He make disease and death. Then whence came they? Is there an evil power that creates these dreaded things? If we believe this, then we believe that there are two creators, or gods, which we know is not true. Let us see if the Bible does not throw some light on this seeming

mystery. Chapter 2, verse 1, reads: '*Thus the heavens and earth were finished and all the host of them.*' Now this is all of creation, God had finished His work; yet in the same chapter, a little farther along, we read: '*But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.*' In the next verse we read: '*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.*' But God had *finished* His work some time before; at least so it is stated in one of the preceding verses. Is there a second creation, or is this simply one of the contradictions spoken of by some of our Bible critics? We cannot conceive of an all-knowing God as having made a mistake when He created man spiritually in His image and likeness and that later on He made another man materially, from dust.

"I wish to call your attention to the fact that the Bible does not state that this *dust man* is made in the image and likeness of God; in fact it does not state that he was made at all; it simply says: '*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.*' Then this dust man at best was only

formed and never made and there is no declaration that God had anything to do with the forming of this dust man, the statement is that the 'Lord God' formed the dust man.

"Nowhere in the first chapter of Genesis, which is the record of the true or spiritual creation, is the 'Lord God' mentioned; it is only after that *mist*, (spoken of in the 6th verse of chapter two,) arose from the earth that the 'Lord God' is said to have *formed* the dust or material man, or anything else. Then the mystery about this seeming second creator, the 'Lord God,' and about his alleged creating or forming of this so-called material man and material world must lie within this *mist* or misapprehension; and it does. This *mist* that arose was simply the belief that man was formed of dust, or materially, whereas in truth man is created spiritually. And this 'Lord God,' spoken of as forming the dust man, is not the real creator, the true God, but is a name applied to mortal belief which through its own false idea or sense supposed man to be formed of dust. False sense, or mortal belief, is the 'god of this world,' spoken of in Second Corinthians as having 'blinded the

minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.' In other words, being blinded to the true nature of man, mortals believe him to be material, whereas, in reality, he is spiritual, and it is through this mistake on the part of mankind or mortal men that all evil or materiality seems to exist. All other material things are no more real than the dust man, through whose false belief they seem to be given form, and they get their seeming reality in the same way, through a misapprehension of the truth. The proof that evil is not real, that it does not exist, and was never made, is found in Genesis 1, verse 31, which reads: 'And God saw *everything* that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.' I wish you to note that this verse says '*everything*,' and so includes *all*. Then everything that really exists is good; it cannot be otherwise. Our God, our Creator, could not make both good and evil, else He would not be perfect, for evil is an imperfection. If you will consult Genesis 2:9, and Genesis, third chapter, you will

find that the curse fell on Adam and Eve, and on mankind, for eating of 'the tree of the knowledge of good and evil,' that is, for believing that both good and evil are real, and it was the serpent, the deceiver, who tempted Adam and Eve to eat of this tree. God made only good, and it is ours to recognize that only which God has made as real. If men believe in the reality or power of that which God did not make, even though it appears ever so vividly, they believe in a lie. Evil is no more real than a lie; it is a lie. What becomes of a lie, when the truth is declared? It ceases to appear; it never did exist. So with evil; being unreal, it ceases to appear when good and Truth are clearly realized and declared.

"Now, beloved, I will quote you the greatest commandment given to man by Jesus Christ: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' And this is my interpretation of this great commandment: Thou shalt love the *good*, thy God, with all thy love, and all thy intelligence, and with all thy thoughts. If all men did this, then evil would cease to appear. Do we obey

this greatest commandment of our Master? No. For instead of loving God, we fear Him, and lay every evil that befalls us at His door. If there be a cyclone, a flood, a cloudburst, a railroad disaster, a conflagration, an earthquake, an epidemic, we say, 'It is the will of God.' Oftentimes, we labor long and faithfully to accomplish a desired result, and just as we think we have attained success, we fail, and all our hopes and desires are destroyed; again we say that it is the will of God. If we see any of our brethren sick, we claim it to be the will of God. If we see the father of a family taken away, we bow our heads and say, 'God's will be done.' If we see a family of children left motherless, again we bow our heads and say, 'God's will be done.' If we see a beautiful infant snatched by death from the breast of its heart-broken mother, we meekly bow again, and, with heart full of sorrow, say, 'God's ways are past finding out, His will be done.' I tell you, it is not the will of God, the will of good. There is no good in it, hence it is not of God's doing, but it is the work of evil, or devil, in other words, the result of delusion, the believing of a lie.

And when we stand meekly by and see false belief, seeming to destroy our health, our hopes, our happiness, our homes, without a protest, we are abetting the devil in his work.

The Bible says that God gave man *dominion* over *all* the earth. Let us, therefore, rise in the might of our intelligence, our Mind, and destroy this evil, this illusion, this lie, with the sword of Truth, in Christ's name! God, good, is with us in this work; and with Him for us who can stand against us? Too long has mankind been robbed by evil in the name of good. Jesus Christ said: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' This truth has been revealed and is in our midst. 'Seek and ye shall find.' St. John, the beloved disciple, said: 'God is Love.' Can you believe that a Father who is Love would destroy the hopes of His children, make them suffer through accident, sickness, and poverty, and after threescore and ten years let them die; in other words, kill them? Even the lowest of earthly fathers would scarcely do this. St. Paul said: 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' This surely does not

mean that we must submit to death, but the opposite, that we should resist death. Then all things that are allies of death, such as sickness, poverty, accidents, and the like, must be resisted and overcome, and when we have overcome all these things there will be no death to overcome. Therefore I bid you awake from this delusion, this dream of life in matter, to the truth of life in Mind, in God. Simply believing in God is not enough; we must *know* God. Again I say, Awake, and 'work out your own salvation,' as St. Paul said you must. Salvation is not believing, but *knowing*. In the words of one of the prophets, '*Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace.*' Let us search the Scriptures; they contain the truth of Life. Let us use our reasoning power, and do our own thinking, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Christ is risen and is knocking at every door. If we let him in he will show us the way out of trouble, sin, disease, and how to conquer death.

"Now, beloved, in conclusion, I would like to say a word about my family. As you all know, my son Walter was a sufferer for years from a disease that '*materia medica*' says is incurable;

you see him now in your midst, a well and strong young man. I had long ago come to the conclusion that it was the will of God that he should be sick, but through his own realization of the great truth that God made only the good, he was healed. In a like manner, his mother, my wife, was healed of the same dread disease by one who *knew* that the good only is real, and proved this by destroying this seeming evil, which to us is known as tuberculosis. My wife is also with you to-day, strong and well, as proof of my statement. And as I have acquired this understanding of God, I cannot consistently preach the gospel in the old way, hence my resignation from this church and from the ministry. And now I must echo the words of that great man, Martin Luther: 'Here I stand. I can do no otherwise, so help me God! Amen.' "

A PARTING WORD

Nearly all my life, I was an inveterate reader of fiction, trying in this way to forget my pain and troubles, as many thousands of others are doing to-day. During all this time, there was a book in existence, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, the study of which would have banished all my misery; but I knew it not, even as, at the present, tens of thousands of others do not know of this book. It is with the hope that "The Pastor's Son" may reach a few of these thousands, and get them so interested that they will seek Truth in the way pointed out in "Science and Health," that this story, setting forth some portion of the truth by illustration, by allegory, and by the Scripture, has been written.

THE AUTHOR

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